

# COLLIER'S

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### THEODORE ROOSEVELT AT PRESIDENT BUTLER'S INSTALLATION ACKNOWLEDGES THE COLUMBIA COLLEGE STUDENTS' GREETING

Never before, perhaps, did so few ordinary people have a chance to feast their eyes at close range upon such a large collection of famous men as at Columbia College, Saturday, April 19. In the column was President Roosevelt, preceded by the Governor of New York State; ambassadors, bishops, military chieftains, princes of learning from universities at home and over seas, the Mayor of the metropolis, poets, orators, and scores of famous men who, in one field or another, have made their names household words to the world's ear.—(See double-page)



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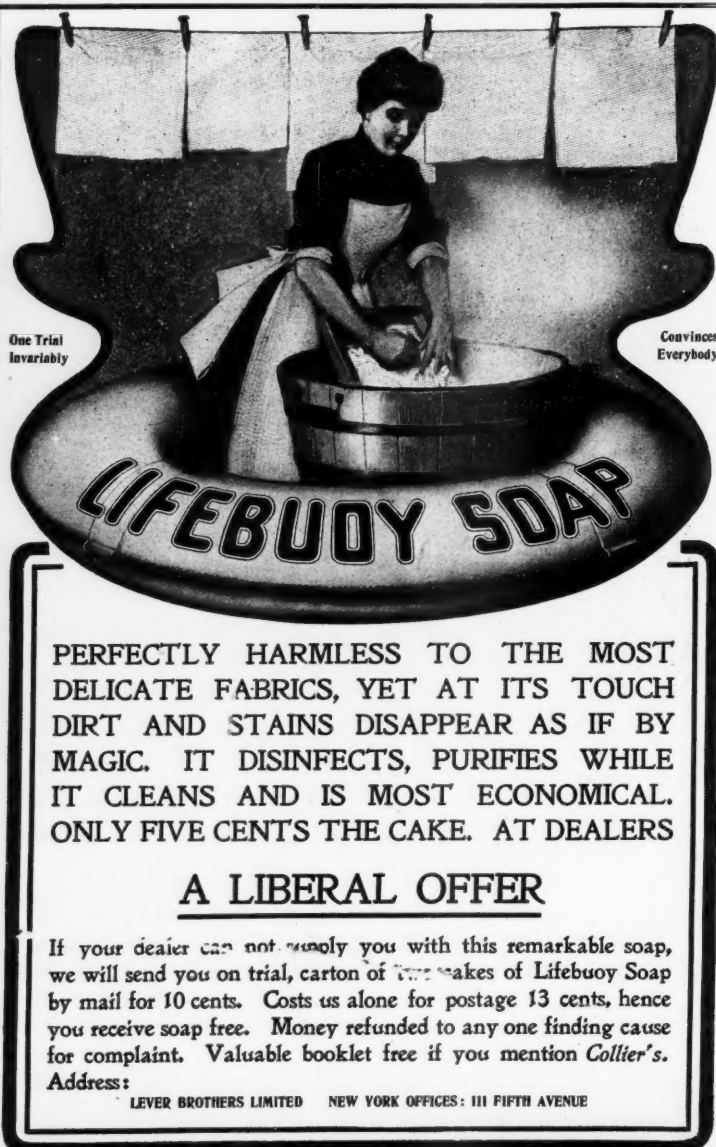
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# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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IT WILL BE GENERALLY ACKNOWLEDGED THAT no man in the United States is better fitted than is Mr. William Jennings Bryan to represent COLLIER'S WEEKLY as its special correspondent at Havana on the occasion of the inauguration of Señor T. Estrada Palma as the first President of the Cuban Republic. Mr. Bryan has twice been a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, and each time he has polled a larger vote than was ever before cast for a nominee for that office except the vote thrown for his successful competitor. He is therefore in the truest sense of the word a representative American. Moreover, he has twice been the standard-bearer of the political party which, throughout the ten years' war and during the latest insurrection, proved its devotion to the cause of Cuban freedom. It is no exaggeration of Cuba's obligation to the Democratic party to say that out for the pressure which it exerted upon the Republican administration the joint resolution of April 18, 1898, proclaiming Cuba's independence, would never have been passed. Of that pressure Mr. Bryan was an approver and a supporter. By voice and by pen he declared it to be the duty of the United States to interpose for the rescue of the Cubans from Spanish tyranny; nor does this by any means sum up the tale of Mr. Bryan's services to the Pearl of the Antilles. There is good reason to believe that but for the influence personally exerted by him on Democratic Senators the treaty concluded at Paris between the United States and Spain would have been rejected. Had a new treaty been required it is quite possible that Spain, no longer panic-stricken, would have insisted on the assumption by the Cuban Republic of the so-called Cuban debt, a burden which the island would have found insupportable. It is further to be noted that Mr. Bryan was one of the first American statesmen to recognize that by giving Cuba independence the United States assumed a paternal relation toward that island—and one of a father's duties is to shield his offspring from starvation. He has shown himself acutely alive to the fact that Cuba's population will be threatened with famine unless, through an adequate reduction of our customs duties, Cuba's principal product, sugar, can be sold at a price which will yield some profit to the producers. In a word, from his entrance into public life up to the present hour Mr. William J. Bryan has been one of the staunchest and most powerful friends that Cuba has had in the United States. His good will must continue to be of vast value to the Cubans, for when the Democrats return to power, as return one day they will, Mr. Bryan cannot fail to exercise great influence in the administration of affairs at Washington, if he is not himself the head of the executive.

THE VOTE ON THE CUBAN RECIPROCITY MEASURE in the House of Representatives has to be considered from two points of view, namely, with relation, first to its effect on Cuba, and, secondly, to its effect on the coherence of the Republican organization in the popular branch of the Federal Legislature. Nobody imagines that the Senate will ratify the bill, saddled as it is with the amendment removing the differential on refined sugar. It is deemed probable that the Senate will pass a bill of its own, restricted to the single provision that the Dingley duties on Cuban products shall be cut down by 25, instead of 20, per cent whenever an equivalent concession shall be made by the Cuban Government. But what likelihood is there that such a measure will meet with the approval of a majority of the House? If that majority firmly adheres to its demand for the removal of the differential on refined sugar, no reciprocity measure will become a law at this session and the Cuban sugar industry will suffer. It begins to look as if the real friends of Cuba might have done well to accept the offer of a rebate made by the beet-sugar men. Whether ex-Speaker Reed would have succeeded any better than his successor in office, Mr. Henderson, in enforcing discipline among the Republican members of the House is by no means certain, for the revolt of the beet-sugar men had very able leaders. They have withstood the influence of the Federal Executive and the almost autocratic power vested in the Speaker and in the heads of important committees; they have held their own in debate and beaten their opponents in tactics, contriving, with the unanimous co-operation of the Democrats, practically to kill the Cuban Reciprocity measure by tacking to it an amendment which it was known that the Senate would never accept. The result is a severe, if not a ruinous, defeat for the machine constructed by ex-Speaker Reed and bequeathed by him to his successors. In the next Congress, Mr. Henderson, if a candidate for reelection to the Speakership, will either meet with formidable opposition or he will have to assent to drastic changes in the

methods of procedure. The truth is that the House and the country are thoroughly tired of a system which has concentrated legislative powers in the hands of a presiding officer assisted by a few lieutenants appointed by himself, a system which has transformed the House of Representatives from a deliberative assembly into an apparatus for registering the decrees of a czar.

THE PROMPTITUDE WITH WHICH PRESIDENT Roosevelt has ordered a vigorous investigation of the cruelties said to have been perpetrated by American officers and soldiers in the Philippines will interfere with the Democratic plan of using the reported outrages as campaign material. Nothing could be more explicit and peremptory than the announcement that no provocation will be held to justify American soldiers in violating the humane regulations by which civilized peoples have striven to mitigate the savagery of warfare. For a clear understanding of the latest military complication in Mindanao, and the class of natives we are now about to deal with, we present in this issue an article on the Móros, inhabitants of "the tail end of our possessions," from the pen of a distinguished officer now in active service at the theatre of war.

WE POINTED OUT LAST WEEK THAT THE British Chancellor of the Exchequer was probably right in assuming that the proposed registration duties on grain and flour would not raise the price of bread. The ground for the assumption was the indisputable fact that the price of bread was not lessened when the registration duties were abolished by Mr. Robert Lowe about thirty years ago. The unexpected happened, however, and some London bakers added a cent to the price of the two-pound loaf. We still believe that competition among bakers will soon cause the price of bread to drop to its former level and that the comparatively small burden imposed by the registration duties will be borne partly by the bakers and partly by the importers. On the other hand, the price of wheat and other grain grown in the United Kingdom will undoubtedly be increased by just the amount of the duty. That is to say, the native producers of grain will be benefited and the native consumers will not be injured. Only the middlemen will suffer. The danger is that, having re-entered the path of indirect taxation, the Salisbury Government will succumb to the pressure of British agriculturists, and will impose additional burdens on imported grain, in which event a rise in the price of bread could not be averted, and vehement protests would be heard from the non-agricultural classes which constitute a majority of the British electorate. We shall soon learn whether Mr. Chamberlain can persuade his colleagues to admit Canadian and Australian grain free from the registration duties and thus give the colonies an advantage over the United States, Russia and Argentina in the British market. The British farmer is just as much opposed to colonial as to foreign competition, and, while Canada may be said to deserve a preference in the British market, having made in advance a considerable concession to British products, there is as yet no reason to believe that the Australian Commonwealth is disposed to pursue a similar course.

THE CHINESE EXCLUSION BILL HAS BEEN SHORN in the Senate of some of the more sweeping and rigorous provisions which it contained when it was reported from the committee. The objections to those provisions were based on grounds both of international law and of expediency. It is true, as Senator Teller argued, that the right to abrogate a treaty is recognized by international law, unless it is expressly waived or suspended in the treaty itself. As a matter of fact, the treaty between the United States and China, which became operative in 1894, suspends the right of abrogation for ten years, after which either party is at liberty to denounce the instrument, which, thereupon, after due notice, will cease to be binding. As for the provision of the pending bill which annuls a clause of the existing treaty exempting certain classes of Chinese from exclusion, Senator Foraker pointed out that, if the refusal to exempt any category of Chinese subjects from exclusion had been inserted in the existing treaty, Li Hung Chang would have been prohibited from visiting this country. Moreover, China would have been justified in retaliating by excluding our missionaries, merchants and engineers. It is certainly inconsistent for us to demand that China shall adopt Christianity and Western civilization if, at the same time, we refuse to permit Chinese students to attend our colleges, scientific schools and theological seminaries. Those who have advocated the pas-

sage of the bill in its original form contend that no exception should be made in favor of any class of the Chinese population, as otherwise our country would be flooded with Chinese laborers who would present themselves under the guise of merchants or students. Americans resident in the treaty ports soon find it easy to distinguish between an ordinary coolie and a representative of the educated or commercial class. It should be easy to provide our custom houses with inspectors equally qualified for discrimination.

WHILE THE NEW STEAMSHIP TRUST SEEMS A small affair compared with the Steel Trust, it should be able powerfully to influence, if not for a while to dictate, the prices charged for the transportation of passengers and freight across the Atlantic. Not only does it include the American, Red Star, Dominion, White Star, Atlantic Transport and Leyland lines—three of which carry the United States flag and three the Union Jack—but a working agreement has been entered into with the North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American lines, so far as their transatlantic business is concerned. It is reported that the Cunard, Wilson and Holland-America companies will eventually join the combination, and that the "working agreement" will ultimately comprehend the General Transatlantic and Allen and Anchor lines. Should the report as to the contemplated extension of the trust prove well founded, passengers and shippers will be at the mercy of the coalition for a time. We say for a time because as soon as competition promised to be lucrative new companies would be organized. There is, fortunately, no such thing as an exclusive right of way across the ocean. One obvious result of the formation of the Steamship Trust by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan will be greatly to increase the facilities for the conveyance to the Old World of the surplus products of the United States Steel Corporation. Just now, however, there would seem to be few, if any, surplus products, for the native demand has outrun the Steel Corporation's ability to meet it.

ALTHOUGH DURING THE WEEK BEGINNING April 14 there was widespread disorder and a good deal of bloodshed in Belgium, and although the strike ordered by the Socialist leaders is said to have called out no fewer than three hundred thousand operatives and miners, the political effect of the imposing demonstration is thus far nil. At the hour when we write, the Conservative Ministry, backed by a majority of the Chamber of Deputies, has persisted in refusing to undertake a revision of the Belgian Constitution for the purpose of abolishing plural voting. The advocates of the reform have appealed to King Leopold II., and it is possible that he, with the hope of regaining popularity, may dissolve the Parliament and appoint a Ministry *ad interim* which will submit the question of revision to the electors. Whether, even supported by the King, the Socialists, Radicals and Liberals—we name the factions in the order of their numerical importance—could obtain a favorable verdict at the ballot-box is doubtful. But, if the experiment were tried, the present agitation might be temporarily allayed, and it would be conducive to the permanence of the Saxe-Coburg Dynasty installed at Brussels if the Socialists could be persuaded to stop shouting "Vive la république!" and to substitute "Vive le roi!"

IT IS AN AUGURY OF PEACE IN SOUTH AFRICA that the Boer generals have requested and obtained leave to consult the rank and file of their commands touching the expediency of accepting the terms offered by Lord Kitchener. So far as the Transvaal is concerned—we presume that the Constitution of the Orange Free State has a similar provision—the law requires the civil and military authorities to consult the burghers before deciding upon war or peace. The Boer leaders, however, would have refused to do so on a former occasion, to undertake such consultation had they believed that it would prove fruitless. The course which they are now pursuing shows that they believe the terms will be accepted. Lord Kitchener's refusal of an armistice is, of course, merely formal, as it is for his interest to enable the Boer leaders to communicate with their scattered followers as quickly as possible. This they could not be expected to do if military operations were carried on with vigor. There is at this writing reason to believe that, unless some untoward incident occurs, an agreement upon terms of peace may be reached within a few weeks—or, in other words, before King Edward's coronation.

# The Bloodthirsty Moros

THE NEW SEAT OF WAR  
IN THE PHILIPPINES

By CAPTAIN R. C. CROXTON,  
Twenty-third Infantry, U.S.A.



General Adna R. Chaffee,  
Directing Moro Operations

"Christian dogs." I call them "things" because none has been heard of since a Spanish general at Jolo taught them and the sultan a lesson, and taught it in a way that even a headstrong Moro murderer could understand.

## RUNNING AMUCK

It seems that this general had an agreement with the sultan that he should be notified whenever any of the Moros became "juramentado." Some twenty of them suddenly opened fire on a Spanish blockhouse just outside of Jolo, about nine o'clock one night. The Spaniards lost several men and most of the Moros were killed. Soon after the shooting was over a messenger from the sultan informed the general that twenty "juramentados" had left the capital with the intention of attacking the Jolo outposts. The general sent word back that he had about nine hundred Spanish soldiers who had also become "juramentados," and next day he took them over and cleaned out the sultan's town. If there have been any "juramentados" in the Sulu Islands since that date they have done no damage.

It is evident that the Moros always feared that the Spaniards would sooner or later try to force Christianity upon them. When the present sultan succeeded to the throne the Spaniards insisted that he should go to Manila and duly recognize and acknowledge the authority of Spain. Even to the ignorant Moro the Spanish Church and State were one, and the sultan declined to go to Manila. The Spaniards then refused to recognize him as sultan and installed another man (a friendly datto) as sultan, built a house for him near Jolo, and supported him both financially and with military forces. Many Moros never recognized him as sultan, as he was not even a descendant of the "True Prophet." This widened the breach between the Spaniards and the Moros, and finally, when the "Spanish" sultan died the present sultan was recognized and now has a happy harem.

A good Moro law concerning slaves is that if a slave woman has a child by her master she and the child are forever free. This law, however, does not seem to apply to men, because some years ago a Moro woman of high birth wanted to marry a handsome slave, but her parents objected. She therefore bought the man for forty dollars (gold) and then married him. They now have five fine-looking boys, but the



man is still her slave, and she recently tried to pawn him for fifty dollars. She wanted the money to try to win back her losses at gambling.

Moro custom seems to be more powerful than their so-called religion. Not one Moro in a hundred can read the Koran, and from all that I can learn there are few copies of the Koran in the archipelago. The sultan is the head of the church, and is supposed to hold service and read the Koran to his subjects in his various islands once a year, if possible. No sultan has visited the Tawi-Tawi group, however, for more than one hundred years. I have never seen anything in the nature of a church service there, but individuals may be heard chanting their prayers in a lazy, weird way—a sort of combination of mumbling and howling.

## MARRIAGE A LA MORO

There are many immums (priests), but their functions seem to be limited to the marriage ceremony. This latter is decidedly peculiar. Music and dancing begin three days before the wedding and continue until three days after. The night before the ceremony they dance all night, and the groom must be present and try not to look bored. The ceremony takes

feet from heel to toe; then they clasp their right hands (which are covered with a handkerchief) and the ceremony begins. In a peculiar sort of intoning, Allah is invoked to witness this marriage, because no good can come of it if Allah does not know, etc. He recites the fact that this man has duly purchased the woman and asks the blessing of the Prophet. This intoning continues about five minutes, and then the groom is asked, "Do you take this woman," etc. He answers "Yes"; and so does the bride from the next room or from beyond the curtain. This "Yes" from the bride is the only reminder of the fact that there is a woman in the case. If she is at all weak or slow about responding everybody laughs. In fact, everybody laughs at any little incident in the ceremony which offers the slightest excuse for amusement—that is, everybody except the bride and groom.

After they are pronounced man and wife the groom is supposed to carry her home, but they generally sit for an hour or more until most of the guests have left, because she fights and scratches and kicks him whenever he approaches, and she continues to do so for three days, except when he leaves her sight. Then she cries until he comes back. After three days she stops fighting and begins to clean fish and cook rice, and the powder gradually wears off her face.

The price paid the father of the bride varies from fifteen to fifty dollars (United States currency), depending upon the beauty and rank of the bride. The average price, however, is about twenty-five dollars. The transaction is not looked upon as a sale, but rather as a gift on the part of the groom. However, the size of the gift varies with the wealth of the groom, and if the father does not approve of the bidder the price goes up accordingly. Should divorce or separation occur, the woman goes back to her father and after three months can be sold again. All negotiations are made with the father; the girl has nothing to say.

## TRAFFIC IN SLAVES

Slaves sell at from thirty to fifty-five dollars. Most of the slaves in the Tawi-Tawi group were free people stolen in Jolo and sold in slavery during the Spanish occupation. Whenever a slave establishes the fact of his former freedom or unjust seizure he is given his liberty. The Spaniards habitually freed all slaves who escaped from their masters and came to their garrisons. This was one of the many sources of friction between the Spaniards and the Moros. When the Spaniards abandoned Bongao—which they did soon after the fall of Manila, and many months before the American occupation of the lower islands—there were more than one hundred former slaves on the island. Within two hours after the troops left the former masters of these people came from every direction to seize them, and the first datto to arrive claimed them all and made their masters pay one-half their value before returning them. Many of those seized have since again escaped, and, returning to establish their former freedom, have been liberated.

The government of the United States can easily abolish slavery by paying for the slaves. There are probably twenty thousand slaves in the Sulu Archipelago, and eight hundred thousand dollars will buy them all. If it is desired, the slaves can be put to work at twenty-five cents a day, and made to reimburse the government in a few months. So far as polygamy is concerned, it had better be let alone until the people learn modern ideas and abolish it of their own accord. At any rate, it is believed that both polygamy and slavery could be abolished with less effort than that affecting the soldiers' beer.

The Moros have great respect for the Americans. The sultan and the powerful dattos would much prefer that we should leave them to themselves. The people could then practice piracy upon each other and feel independent. The masses, however, prefer American occupation. They recognize us as a rich, powerful and progressive nation, with plenty of soldiers, good rifles and plenty of money. When you consider that the average Moro can live well on fifty cents a week, you can imagine the impression made upon him when he sees soldiers drawing from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a month—and actually getting the money.

Soldiers go hunting freely on the various islands, and the Moros have always been friendly except in one instance. This happened while Captain S. A. Cloman, Twenty third

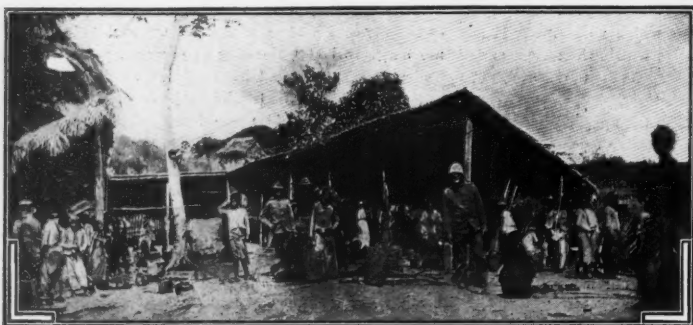


The American Contract Doctor and his Patients

place in the bride's village, but usually at the house of the chief of the village. The bride and groom are brought there upon the shoulders of their friends—they must not walk. Upon reaching the house, they climb the ladder alone.

If the house has two rooms (which is rarely the case) the bride is put in one room and the groom in the other. If not, she is separated from the groom by a curtain. The bride wears stockings and slippers—a sarong and a tight-fitting jacket. Her face is smeared with white powder, lips stained with betel-nut juice and her hair reeking with coconut oil, and when she comes in, a-straddle of the bearer's neck and holding on to his head, she is a sight. The groom wears his best barong and a new suit, and also has his face powdered. Both look as if they had just lost a lot of relatives, and they keep their eyes on the floor all the time.

The ceremony is performed on the groom only. He sits so that he and the immum can touch the bottoms of their bare



The Market at Bongao



Soldiers' Huts at Bongao



Infantry, was military governor of the Tawi-Tawi group of islands, and the facts have been duly distorted in the newspapers, somewhat to the discredit of that excellent officer.

The facts are that five soldiers on a hunting trip camped one night at the town of Bilimbing, twelve miles from Bongao. They proceeded six miles further north the next day, and, after landing, recognized ten Moro men whom they had seen in Bilimbing the night before. These men were very friendly, told them where to hunt, helped to chop wood and put up the tent, and appeared interested in a game of whist which four of the soldiers were playing. The fifth man—then a corporal, now a second lieutenant—was swimming about one hundred yards away. At a signal the ten Moros drew their barongs and began chopping.

#### TREACHERY AND MASSACRE

The fight that ensued was too bloody to describe. Suffice to say that two soldiers were killed and the other two frightfully cut up. The fight lasted less than a minute and the Moros escaped with the five rifles. The sight of these "lovely" weapons had induced them to follow the soldiers in the hope that they might get them. The corporal, just at sunset, put his dead and wounded comrades in the boat and, after a fourteen-hour trip, during which he momentarily expected a renewal of the attack, reached Bongao at 8 A.M. next day.

Captain Cloman took fifty men and went to Bilimbing. It required all day and nearly all night to find a trace of the murderers. Finally one was found, and when he told his story they all began to confess, and by daylight the entire ten had confessed. They "liked the Americans," and particularly these soldiers, but they could not resist the desire to possess these magnificent rifles.

In the morning the prisoners were sent under guard to get firewood; when they reached the jungle they made a dash for liberty, but all were killed. Soon afterward the account was published in the "yellow journals." Captain Cloman was deluged with mail from women in the United States. Old maids from Boston addressed him as "Inhuman Monster," young maids from Kansas sent their photographs and tender assurances, but the Bilimbing people became his firm friends and thanked him for not punishing the many for the murderous doings of the few. It is safe to predict that no more hunting parties will be interfered with in this vicinity.

Titles among the Moros are numerous, and the most common are as follows:

Datto—Prince or duke. This title is hereditary, and all sons of dattos are dattos. The title can only be created by the sultan.

Panglima—Next below datto; not hereditary.

Maharajah—Next below panglima; not hereditary.

Immun—A priest who can read and explain the Koran; appointed by the sultan or dattos. He seldom officiates except at a wedding.

Hadji—One who has been to Mecca.

Salib—A lineal descendant of Mohammed.

Habib—A salib who is also a hadji; i.e., has been to Mecca.

The sultan generally appoints panglimas and maharajahs, but a datto can also appoint them. A man's importance, however, depends more on his wealth and the size of his following than upon his rank. The town of Bilimbing has a population of about one thousand. It has no datto, but has four panglimas and one maharajah, whereas on the island of Sibutu there is a town with a population of five hundred that has seven dattos. Sibutu and Cagayan de Jolo are two islands that were found to be outside of the geographical limits defined in the Treaty of Paris. They had belonged to Spain, however, and the United States recently paid twenty thousand dollars for them. I have not seen Cagayan de Jolo, but I have seen Sibutu, and if the price paid was reasonable, I should say that Cagayan de Jolo must be worth about nineteen thousand nine hundred and ninety dollars. Nearly all the Moros in the Tawi-Tawi group were originally "samars" or "hajows"—people who live entirely in boats. Their language is as different from Sulu as Sulu is from Malay, and they live by catching fish and gathering pearl shells, which they trade for rice, tapioca, tobacco and cloth. There are still several floating villages of these people left. They spend a month or more in one vicinity and then move to another. You often see a vinta (a canoe with bamboo outriggers) twenty feet long and two and a half feet wide, containing a samar with two wives, half a dozen children, two or three slaves and all their belongings. These people have

been known to dive naked in ninety feet of water and bring up pearl shells. Three shells a week (value about one dollar and a half) will support a family.

#### A DYNASTY OF GORE

Datto Tantung is the most important chief in the group. His father, Datto Medjinde, was for years a great pirate chief and ruled the entire Tawi-Tawi group with the exception of the small island of Banaran. The sultan feared him and made no effort to levy tribute from the lower islands, but gladly accepted what Medjinde saw fit to give him. Medjinde was murdered about twenty years ago by a man from Bilimbing, whose wife he coveted for his harem. He was killed with a club while asleep in his boat. His son, Tantung, then eighteen years old, declared war against Bilimbing. After waiting five years without any fighting he proceeded there with fifty boats containing four hundred men armed with rifles, spears and knives. His foes ran to the woods, and they "fought" for five days and five nights. The war then ended with one man killed and two wounded.

The Moros love to talk about fighting, and marvel at the power and skill of the Americans when told of the naval victories of Manila and Santiago. The 4th of July, 1900, was celebrated at Bongao with sports and games, and all the Moros were invited to come in and witness them. Datto Tantung asked what it was all about and what the 4th of July meant. Knowing the idea of the Declaration of Independence would not appeal to his savage instincts, Captain Cloman jokingly told him that many years ago the Americans

After securing the money they killed the man and tried to kill his brother. In Jolo one of Datto Kalbi's men stole five thousand dollars from the sultan; the man was located and the sultan demanded the money and the man. Kalbi is a bitter enemy of the sultan. He tried the case himself and found the man guilty, but charged him two thousand dollars "court fees," which sum was paid out of the sultan's money and the sultan only got back three thousand dollars. That fact and other things led to a war which was waged with vigor during May, June and July, 1900, and it is rumored that at least twenty men were killed and wounded during that time; yet no officer in the Twenty-third seems willing to admit that he believes that even half that number were hurt.

#### NO EPICURES AT BONGAO

Fish and rice constitute the Moro's diet, and he can live for weeks without one if he has the other. Several forms of cakes are made of rice and sugar-cane and cooked in coconut oil, but it requires intense curiosity to make a white man want to taste them.

Most of the Moro houses are built over the water near the shore. When built on land they are erected on poles, with the floor five or six feet above the ground. In any case there are no steps, but simply a ladder or a big pole.

On land chickens are kept under the house; in villages built over the water they do not raise chickens. But, whether on land or water, every Moro has fighting cocks and keeps them in the house. If his house is a boat the rule applies just the same. Datto Tantung is a great fancier of chickens, and comes to market regularly every Sunday and arranges a fight or two. To beat a Chinaman in a cock fight seems to be the most acute form of joy that a Moro is capable of experiencing, and Tantung generally arranges his matches with the Chinese merchant. The latter is the only man who seems wealthy enough to make big bets. He beat the datto in four successive fights with twenty-five dollars wagered on each, but when the datto finally won the fifth contest he seemed as happy as if he had won a million. He is a pretty good sport, that datto, and if I am ever cruelly sent back out there I hope to see him or at least hear that he is improving.

The sultan and all the chiefs have always lived by fines imposed upon their people. The size of the fine depends more upon the amount of property possessed by the defendant than upon the gravity of the offence. Fines are imposed either in dollars or slaves. They are seldom paid in either unit of measure, but usually in personal property. A fine of five hundred dollars (Mexican) was recently paid as follows: One sapit (boat), two brass gongs, four brass pans, five brass pots or kettles, one barong, four krisies, one sarong, ten yards red calico and one ancient rifle. In the house of a powerful chief you may see one hundred or more gongs or other pieces of brassware—all representing fines collected and all readily convertible into money when needed.

#### FREE JUSTICE

These people come freely to lay their troubles before the American officers and ask redress. One reason for this freedom is that they are not charged anything. Applications for divorce are quite frequent and often on curious grounds. A woman recently asked for divorce because she had pawned her father with a Chinaman in Siassi for one hundred dollars' worth of goods, which her husband had been selling at Bongao and vicinity and was keeping all the money instead of dividing with her. After many questions the fact developed that she had only one child, four years old, and the divorce was avoided by modestly suggesting to husband and wife that Allah, if properly invoked, might send them one or two more children and thus remove all cause of trouble. One week later they came and apologized, and said they were both sorry they had ever thought of divorce and particularly sorry that they had ever bothered the captain. So the weary author insists that these people can be educated.

There is a future for these islands and their curious people, but it will be many years before they learn to take full advantage of the natural resources of their country. Cocoanuts, hemp and rice can be raised on nearly all the inhabited islands; and now that hatred and distrust of the Spaniards has been replaced by confidence in and respect for the Americans the people will gradually acquire ideas of thrift. In the meantime patience, justice and firmness are the requisites for success in dealing with them.



Specimens of Moro Feminine Beauty and Manhood

had a war with another country, and that on the 4th of July the Americans "killed all the men, women and children in that country." Tantung was almost wild with delight.

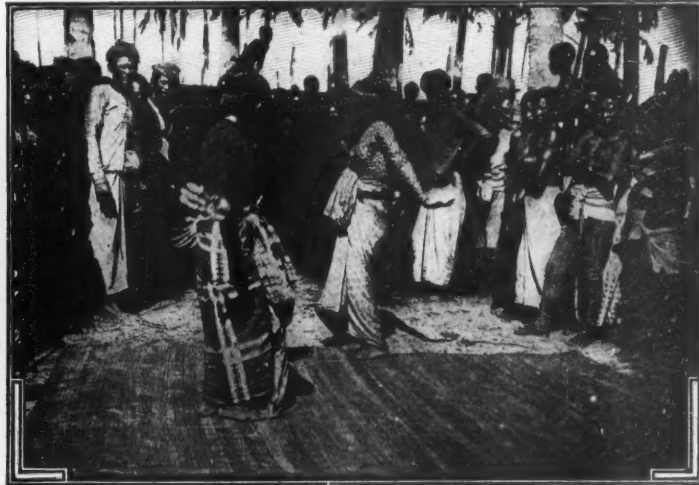
Moro religion, or custom, permits lying, if not caught, and sometimes two sides in a case will advance statements so absolutely contradictory of each other that it seems impossible to arrive at the truth. In such cases Moro justice is very effective. Datto Tantung was once called upon to settle such a case. The men had reached a point where they were saying, "Cut off my head if I am not speaking the truth." That means, "I am telling a colossal lie but you don't know it." At this point Tantung was called upon as follows: "Here, datto, you take these people, find out the facts and settle the case." Tantung looked them over a moment and said, "Well, you are all guilty of something; go and get fifteen dollars apiece and hurry back." In ten minutes they had brought their fines and all appeared radiantly happy. Then he said, "That's all, unless the captain wants you." Cloman said, "No, let them go." As soon as they were out of hearing the datto said, "There's the money, captain; do you want it all or can I have part?" He was ordered to take it all away just as soon as possible and give it to such poor people as were most deserving on his island. Tantung almost fainted, because he suddenly seemed to realize that there was an honest man in the world.

#### A MAN WHO WENT TO SIBUTU

The Moros follow the teachings of Mohammed in the matter of treachery and "loot." A man went from Seminal to Sibutu and became involved in a woman scrape. He was fined five hundred dollars (Mexican), which was paid by his father.



1, Lieutenant Bradshaw, of Navy; 2, Edward Schuch, Interpreter; 3, The Sultan; 4, Captain Cloman, Twenty-third Infantry; 5, Sultan's Chief of Staff; 6, Datto Rajah Muda (Sultan's Brother)



Moro Girls Dancing—Long silver finger nails are used to add to the effect; a curious fashion which would seem to indicate the influence of Mongolian racial traditions

# LEADERS IN THE WORLD'S WORK



GENERAL CHRISTIAN DE WET

General Christian de Wet, one of the ablest of the Boer leaders, and "a first-class fighting man," recently added to his reputation by a marvellous dash through the British lines of barbed wire and block-houses. In accomplishing this he resorted to a Homeric ruse. Rushing his cattle against the wire fence, and mingling his men with the herd, he succeeded in escaping Lord Kitchener's toils.



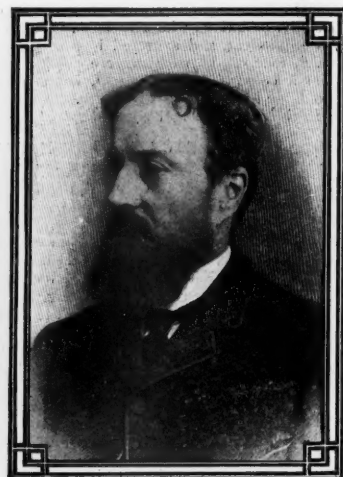
QUEEN WILHELMINA

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has been ill for the second time within a year. She has had typhoid fever, and it was feared that the unsanitary condition of the palace of Het Loo, where she was taken ill, was the cause. Her husband, Prince Henry, postponed the celebration of his birthday, and all Holland evinced great distress, for the young "Queen of many troubles" is the most beloved sovereign in Europe.



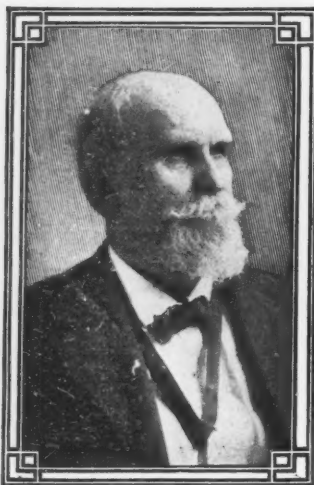
PRINCE ALBERT OF BELGIUM

Prince Albert, heir presumptive of Belgium, is a born royal fighter. When the mobs threatened Brussels recently, he slept in his uniform at the barracks of his regiment, the Grenadier Guards, in which he is a major. He replied to an offer to be temporarily replaced: "If my men are called to a post of danger, it will be my duty to lead them," and there is no doubt of his ability to do so.



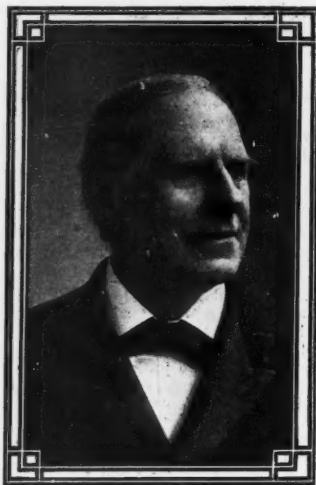
SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chancellor of the Exchequer, caused a world-wide sensation by announcing in the House of Commons April 14 the abandonment of the dearest traditional policy of England. To meet the crushing expenses of the Boer War, the odious "corn laws" and bread taxes are to be restored. The Liberals will fight these hated "Tory" taxes.



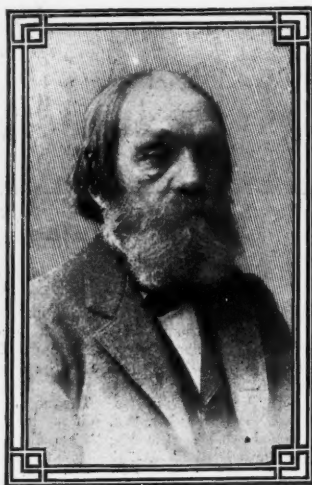
SENATOR JAMES K. JONES

Senator James K. Jones, national leader of the Democratic party, has been practically forced into retirement by his disastrous defeat in a campaign for re-election to the United States Senate. It is hinted that his interest in what is known as "the round cotton bale trust" was largely responsible for his defeat. He is now Chairman of the National Democratic Committee.



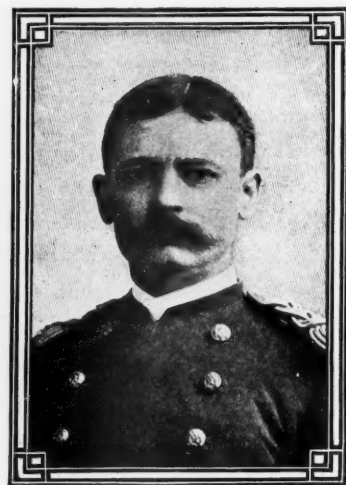
THE REVEREND T. DEWITT TALMAGE

The Reverend T. DeWitt Talmage, who died in Washington April 12, was one of the most conspicuous figures in the modern pulpit. He won fame by startlingly sensational methods. He made a tour of the Holy Land, preaching in places where Jesus had preached and baptizing an American convert in the Jordan. From Brooklyn, where he acquired fame, he went to Washington.



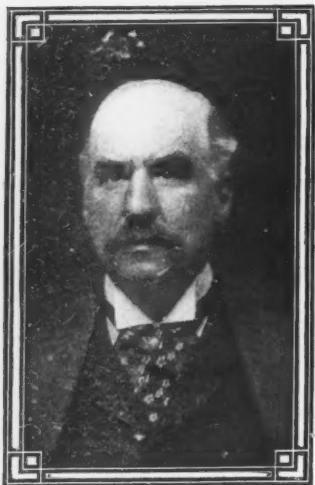
DOCTOR EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Doctor Edward Everett Hale's eightieth birthday anniversary was celebrated in Boston April 3. President Roosevelt wrote a letter on the occasion, in which he compared Doctor Hale to "Timoleon in his last days at Syracuse, loved and honored by his fellow-citizens." Senator Hoar made the address of congratulation, and the venerable philosopher himself said he "had a first-rate time."



GENERAL WILLIAM CROZIER

General William Crozier, who was promoted from a captaincy by Secretary Root, and to whose leap over the heads of many superiors in rank, and to his interest in the "Crozier" disappearing gun, the Senate strenuously objected, has been removed as a member of the Board of Ordnance, but remains Chief of Ordnance, an office he is well qualified to maintain.



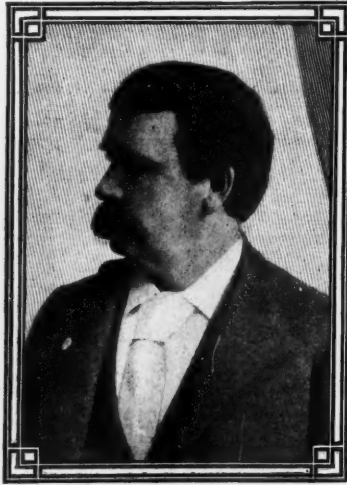
JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN

John Pierpont Morgan, America's most noted financier, figured conspicuously lately in a new role, that of a witness in the case of Peter Powers against the Northern Securities Company. He astonished lawyers and audience by his coolness and adroitness on the stand. He has since acquired the control of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, the main railroad artery of the Southern States.



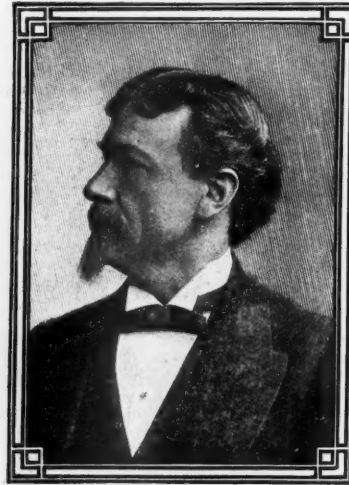
JOHN W. GATES

John W. Gates made a brilliant coup in the stock market April 15, by the quiet purchase of the controlling interest in the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. The transaction created a tremendous flurry in Wall Street. Mr. Gates seemed to have got a white elephant on his hands and turned the road over to the experienced management of John Pierpont Morgan.



JAMES S. CLARKSON

James S. Clarkson has recently been appointed Surveyor of Customs at the port of New York. When Clarkson attacked Mr. Roosevelt as Civil Service Commissioner he was stigmatized in most scathing terms. The appointment therefore came as a decided surprise. Even some of the friendly papers openly opposed the appointment, but all objections carried little weight.



HENRY CLAY EVANS

Henry Clay Evans resigned as Commissioner of Pensions at the request of President Roosevelt. Despite the President's statement that he will "promote" Mr. Evans, it is generally believed that the resignation was forced by the opposition of the Grand Army of the Republic. Mr. Evans had antagonized pensioners and members of both Houses of Congress.



## SPEEDING PRESIDENT PALMA OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC



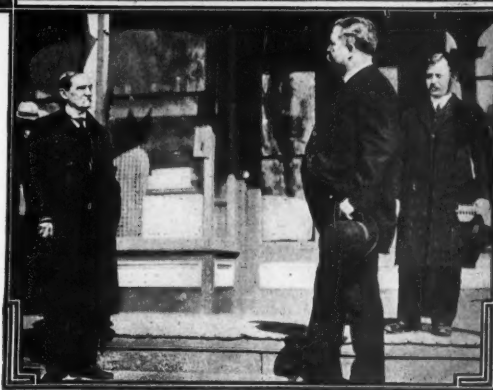
President Palma (x) bids farewell to his Central Valley (N. Y.)

**K**EEN INTEREST in the inauguration of Estrada Palma as the first President of Cuba is felt among the members of the government at Washington, from President Roosevelt down. There is at the American capital an acute realization of the fact that for the first time this great republic is standing as godfather at the christening of a new nation. There is also a feeling that the Cuban Republic is to some extent an experiment in which the people and the government of the United States have a great and a peculiar interest.

It is an open secret that General Palma was the choice of the American Government for President of Cuba, and that in one sense the first Chief Magistrate of the swaddling republic was chosen by the trustee which for a long time had been in charge of the estate. General Palma's election as President was favored by Secretary Root and General Wood because it was believed he was the best and strongest man for the work. They looked over the field, took careful note of all the conditions and possible candidates, and finally decided General Palma was the man they wanted to stand at the wheel of the new ship of state during its first and perhaps hazardous voyage.

It would not have been in the power of the American Government to secure the election of General Palma had this choice not also commended itself to a large and influential element in the island. This proved to be the case, and Estrada Palma was elected with virtual unanimity. Men who know Cuba well say this is a good sign. They not only have faith in President Palma, who after many years has returned to his native land to assume the responsibilities of the Presidency, but they think the conservative public opinion which led to his election, notwithstanding the fact that he was favored by the American Government, is a happy augury.

The first President of Cuba has the double advantage of being both a Cuban and an American. He has the Cuban



Neighbors, where he has resided for eighteen years

cast of mind, Cuban sympathies and aspirations, but he has been so long in the United States that he has absorbed not a little of what we know as American practicality and business acumen—things which were virtually unknown in Cuba before the advent of American government there following the Spanish war. For these reasons official Washington hopes for good results in Cuba.

It was feared bitter party strife, dissensions, possibly revolutionary efforts and violence, might soon follow American withdrawal from the island. While it is still possible, of course, that these dire consequences may ensue, the outlook at this time, upon the eve of the installation of the new government, is considered brighter than it has been since American occupation of the island. The reports which Secretary Root has sent back from Havana all breathe an air of great confidence.

Not so very long ago Mr. Root, after a careful study of Cuban conditions during a visit to the island, privately expressed the fear that American withdrawal would be followed by a revival of trouble, that the man with the machete would soon become more important than the man with the hoe. It is significant and encouraging that on the occasion of this last visit to the inchoate republic Mr. Root has changed his mind. He now has not only hope, but confidence.

Secretary Root watches the development of self-government in Cuba with peculiar interest. He has done as much as any other living man, with the possible exception of General Leonard Wood, to shape up the new nation and start it advantageously upon its career. He has watched over Cuba like a father over the growth and education of a son. The best friends of Cuba, those who are most familiar with the work Mr. Root has done as a great administrator and lawyer for this ward of our government, consider it a very fortunate thing that such a man stood ready to assume the responsibility.

Mr. Root went to Cuba to arrange the final details of his task. He was determined that nothing should be overlooked when his ward was finally set up in business on his own account. He has the earnest co-operation of President Palma, and together they are doing their best to arrange a plan which shall anticipate all difficulties and provide against all emergencies.

WALTER WELLMAN.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—Our readers may rest assured that they will be kept advised of all occurrences of interest in the island. As already stated, Hon. William Jennings Bryan will attend the inauguration of President Palma, in the capacity of special exclusive correspondent for COLLIER'S. Besides telling all about this ceremony, Mr. Bryan will also give his impressions of Cuba and of the Cuban people.

## American Stock for the British-Boer War

By GENERAL SAMUEL PEARSON, of the Boer Army

**T**HE BRITISH remount establishment in this country has enormous significance, as was discovered at the investigation that President Roosevelt ordered. It is the largest agency for the equipment of an army that has ever been maintained within the borders of a neutral country by a belligerent. It has attracted not only the attention of the Boers and their sympathizers, but the commercial and diplomatic eyes of all the great nations.

Forty-two thousand Americans have been hired by the British officers to aid in the work here, and to act as muleteers on the transports since the war began—more men than our armies have ever numbered at any one time. About five hundred British officers have been attached to the American remount department; fifty-eight are here now under the command of General Sir Richard Stewart. Five hundred and sixty-six thousand horses and mules have been employed in the war by the British. Four hundred and sixty thousand of these have suffered death by Boer bullets and African fevers. Two hundred and sixty-four thousand of the aggregate have been secured in South Africa, and the supply there is exhausted. England, Canada, Austria, Australia and the Argentine Republic together have supplied ninety-five thousand animals and have about reached their limit. The prices in all of these countries, due to the tremendous draft, have become prohibitive. Two hundred and five thousand animals have gone out of New Orleans, whence, at the beginning of the war, an average of about a thousand a week were de-

spatched, three times that number now leaving from Sunday to Sunday.

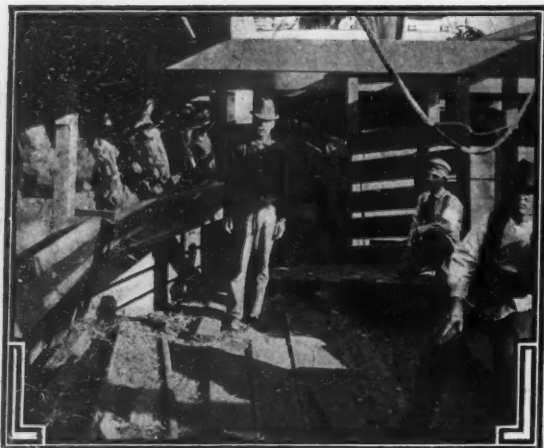
In the beginning Texas furnished all of the animals, and this was the cause of the establishment of the shipping depot at Crescent City. It was said by several of the British officers that Texas could supply all the animals their country would need, for the war would be over in two or three months. Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, Missouri, Kentucky already have been drained, while as far north as Montana and Oregon horses and mules are now being sought. In 1899 there was such competition in the sale of mules that the best quality were to be had, in quantities, at forty dollars apiece, but now more than half that figure in pounds sterling is the price. The freight from the point of purchase has increased in even greater proportion, because of the added distance from the places of embarkation.

A suite of rooms and an office at the St. Charles Hotel form the headquarters of the "American Remount Commission," as it is officially known at the War Department of Great Britain. At Port Chalmette, five miles below New Orleans, are the corrals, covering forty or fifty acres. The stables will accommodate seven thousand animals; the pasture will feed as many more. There is a large hospital department, where a corps of veterinary surgeons are always at work; a branding department, where the star, the bar and the arrow are burned into the hoof, assigning animals in their various qualifications to the different branches of the service.

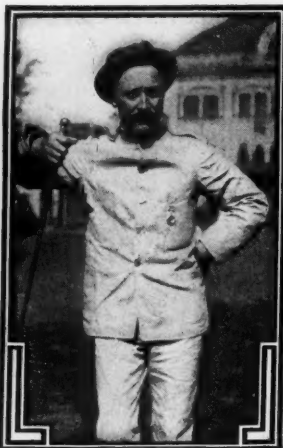
It becomes harder and harder each week to secure muleteers, but one company of Indian troops would not relieve the strain. About two transports a week, each carrying some two thousand animals, are despatched. About two hundred muleteers have to accompany each ship. Muleteers are now as hard to secure as mules. The stock of adventurers in New Orleans is exhausted, Louisiana and its bordering States have been depleted, and now Chicago is being drawn upon. From the reports of the muleteers, the several mutinies among them and the number of libel suits that have been entered against the transport captains, the treatment they receive is not the best in the world.

The fleet of transports—three or four are generally in port—lie at anchor in the Mississippi. When one is ready for loading it is docked and the animals driven aboard through long runways, tapering like a funnel at first and narrowing down as the boat is approached to a space in which an animal cannot turn round and retreat. From long experience the system has been reduced to such perfection that two thousand animals can be loaded in six hours.

The *Mechanician*, the attempted destruction of which I was supposed by the British consul at New Orleans to be implicated in, was tied up to her dock one evening in readiness to load the following morning. At midnight an explosion was heard for three miles around. The culprits—probably maltreated muleteers—had attached a bomb by a long rope to the anchor-chain of the ship. The current of the river, it



Muleteers and Mules on a British Transport



General Pearson, Transvaal Army



British Officers on duty at New Orleans

was evidently planned, would carry the bomb back about amid-ship. But it carried the explosives off to the side, and when the fuse reached the dynamite the bomb was on the water-line and had little effect upon the vessel. Had it been beneath her keel the vessel would have been as thoroughly destroyed as was the *Maine*.

The swiftest vessels of the fleet make the trip to Cape Town in twenty-eight days and to Durban in a few more. By this time many of the poor animals, from standing still so long without room to turn, are too stiff to move and have to be lifted out of their stalls. However, they soon recover—those not too far gone—and jump and buck beyond control.

I appealed to the last administration to stop the shipments of munitions of war, but without success. I appealed to the

courts, and the decision was rendered that the matter was one entirely of policy with the administration. I appealed to President Roosevelt, and was told that I, too, could purchase mules and horses and whatever other supplies the British were procuring from here. On returning again to New Orleans a fit of desperation seized me and one day in February I wrote the much-criticized letter to the President, informing him by this means, and not in person this time, of the British camp at Port Chalmette, and asking permission to strike one blow at it with what Boer sympathizers I could raise in Louisiana.

Of course, the note was not replied to, but it brought about the desired action on the part of the Executive. The President turned the letter over to the Secretary of State. Secretary Hay wrote Mayor Capdeville of New Orleans, informing

him that I had threatened a breach of the peace. The corals of the British having been moved, because of protests by citizens, beyond the city limits and into the adjoining parish, the affair was without the jurisdiction of the Mayor, and he transferred the document to the Governor of Louisiana. Governor Heard, instead of authorizing my arrest, as many thought he would, instituted an investigation of the camp, alleged by me to exist in violation of the recognized neutrality laws of nations. The Governor came to the same conclusions as myself; that is, that neutrality laws were being violated, and if action were taken it should be by the Federal authorities—"yet if such duty belongs to the State where the violation occurs he will not hesitate to act as the law may warrant."

## The Stampede to Thunder Mountain

### THE NEW IDAHO GOLD CAMP

By JACK LONDON  
Author of "Stories of Alaska," Etc.



NOT SINCE Klondike has there been such a stampede as that now under way to Thunder Mountain. Despite the warning that it is no poor man's country, at least one hundred "sooners" are going in daily on snowshoes, packing their outfits on their backs or dragging them on toboggan-sleds. Further, all the towns adjacent to the gold fields—such as Boise, Ketchum, Council, Red Rock, Lewiston, Weiser and Salmon—are jammed with an army of cooler-headed gold-seekers, waiting for the opening of the trails. And each train swells these towns to overflowing, with more men hastening eagerly from the north, south, east and west.

Boom times are on and stampede prices are up. Railroad transportation for seventy-five thousand people has been already bespoken; and as regards the finish, the rush will outrival Klondike: for every man who starts will get there, and there will be more men on the ground than were on the Yukon five years ago.

Thunder Mountain is one of the blank spaces on the map which will no longer be blank. The Thunder Mountain country is as large as the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut combined, and has long been known as a very rich, though largely unprospected, mining country. Thunder Mountain, in particular, is in the southern portion of Idaho County, Idaho, and is situated not far south of Vinegar Hill of the maps. To the south lie the Sawtooth Mountains, which extend from the Seven Devils region, along the Snake, to the main Salmon River. It is a rough and jagged country, of volcanic formation, with a general elevation of from 7,000 to 9,000 feet, and promises to become one of the world's greatest treasure-houses.

The Caswell brothers are responsible for this rush. In 1894, Ben and Dan Caswell made their way into Thunder Mountain and located several claims. Notwithstanding it was entirely a quartz formation, they panned the decomposed porphyry, which had become air-slacked, and washed

out \$260 in gold. They were joined by another brother, Luman Caswell, and also by W. T. Ritchey and Mr. Huntley, and each year for seven years they returned to the spot. Their efforts were crude; water from the melting snow permitted but two weeks' work; yet in the fourteen weeks all told they secured \$20,358.99 in gold, as shown by the receipts of the United States Assay Office at Boise.

But Thunder Mountain was a quartz proposition, absurd to work as a placer and too big to work without capital. In 1901, Colonel W. H. Dewey, the well-known Idaho millionaire mining and railroad man, bonded the claims for \$100,000, and incorporated the Thunder Mountain Gold Mining and Milling Company with a capital stock of \$5,000,000, Pittsburg, Pa., capitalists being chiefly interested. Then began the proper development of the deposit. Last fall a ten-stamp mill was freighted in on mule-back and set up. Tunnels and cross-cuts were run and the astonishing value of the deposit discovered. Not only as the mountain itself determined to be a huge ore body of free-milling gold running from seven dollars to the ton upward, but rich chutes were found, as wide as seven feet, carrying \$2,000 to the ton and penetrating the mountain an unascertainable distance. Recent reports go to show that the value of these chutes has been underestimated.

Thus Thunder Mountain becomes another Treadwell. It is not a fissure vein, but simply a mountain of ore, a first-class quarry scheme, capable of busying two hundred stamps for an interminable period. But, whereas Treadwell is low-grade ore, Thunder Mountain is not only much higher but very much higher grade ore. In addition (and this is the secret of the rush) prospects go to show that the contiguous ground is likewise rich, and that the possibilities are large for a second Cripple Creek, while the very sanguine are not at all backward in proclaiming a second Transvaal. Incidentally, the real Cripple Creek men have achieved a great faith in Thunder Mountain, and every third man is either on the way or talking of going.

And so, because of the Caswells, miners from all the Americas are gathering up their outfits and stampeding to Idaho. The "sooners" are taking the chances of snow and famine in order that they may miss no chances on the spot. Since the ground is covered with many feet of snow, perforce they stake the snow. Later on, when the snow melts, they will find other sets of stakes beneath. Then there will be trouble. But a gold rush without trouble is like a pneumatic tire without punctures. It never happens.

There are two main reasons for the magnitude of this stampede. Thunder Mountain is the only excitement of the year, and money is easy. Which is to say that the chronic stampedeers and adventurers have nowhere else to go and work off their unrest, and that the good times of the last several years have put the money in their pockets wherewith they may go. That there are all the possibilities for a new Eldorado goes without saying. Idaho has already added \$250,000,000 to the world's gold supply, while thousands of square miles of mineral territory remain practically unexplored. As Thunder Mountain is to-day likened to Cripple Creek, who knows but in some future day new bonanzas may be likened to Thunder Mountain? Anyway, 75,000 men are hitting the high places to find out.



Breaking Roads into the Thunder Mountain Country



Opening a Prospect above Timber Line on Thunder Mountain



## PRACTICE DAYS AT "BUFFALO BILL'S" WILD WEST SHOW

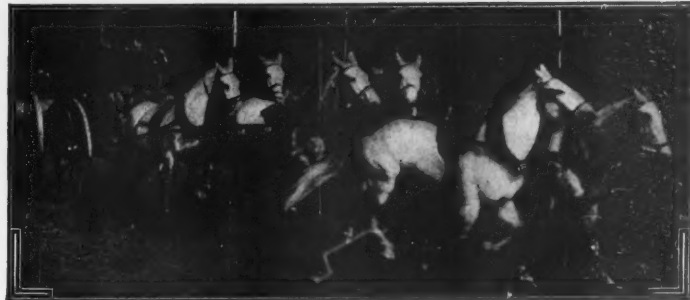
PICTURES BY JAMES H. HARE, OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



The Only and Original Americans—Colonel Cody ("Buffalo Bill") at the Head of his Indian Contingent



A Cowboy Captures an Indian with his Lasso



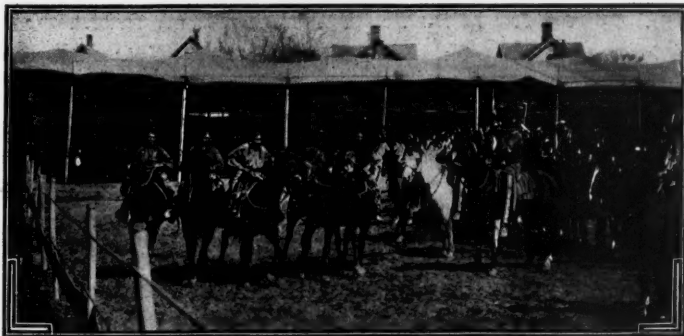
United States Flying Artillery Going into Position



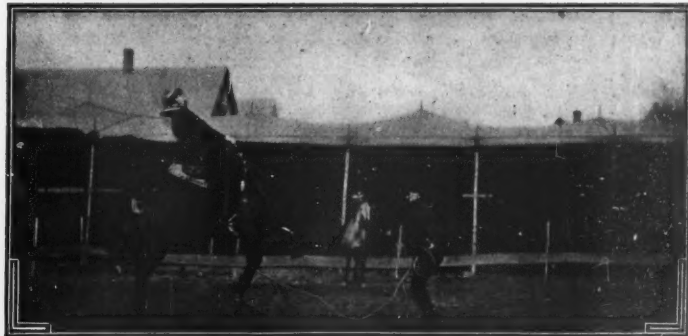
Cuban Rough Riders Swinging round the Ring



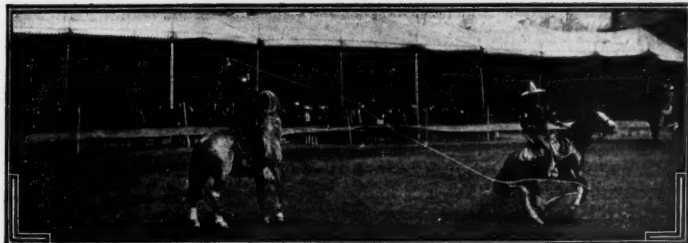
A Bronco Buster Argues with his Refractory Mount



Indian Squaws Racing Horses before the Bucks



A Cowboy Having a Rough Time with a Bucker



Mexican Vaqueros Practicing Throwing the Lasso



A Race of "Cowgirls"—An Interesting Feature

"Buffalo Bill's" regular rehearsal in everyday clothes is just as interesting and vigorous as the public pageant, when the rough riders of all nations dash round the ring on half wild broncos. The American Indian and the Cuban patriot brush shoulders with their brothers in daredevilry—the Cossack and Arab; and in the same arena perform their marvellous feats of horsemanship. The red man re-enacts past tragedies of the plain, attacks the stage-coach and hunts the buffalo with mock ferocity. His brother from the Far East exhibits his skill and daring, riding in every possible manner with a mount and under trying conditions. "Bronco busting" is probably one of the wildest struggles for supremacy between plainsman and stubborn prairie animals. Circuses from time immemorial have been the delight of children and "older youngsters." A great organization such as Colonel Cody has gathered not only amuses but has a positive educational value, inasmuch as it illustrates phases of life in all quarters of the globe, and brings Russia, Turkey, Persia, and our own great western frontier—as it was in the wild days—to our very doors.

# SPECIAL 60 DAY OFFER

TO INTRODUCE OUR LATEST LARGE POWERFUL  
ACHROMATIC TELESCOPE, THE "EXCELSIOR."

## A Useful and Entertaining Article

POSITIVELY such a good telescope was never sold for this price before. These Telescopes are made by one of the largest manufacturers of Europe, measure closed 12 inches and open over 3½ feet in 5 sections. They are BRASS BOUND, BRASS SAFETY CAP on each end to exclude dust, etc., with POWERFUL LENSES, scientifically ground and adjusted. GUARANTEED BY THE MAKER. Heretofore, telescopes of this size have been sold for from \$5.00 to \$8.00. A hundred uses can be made of a telescope. Every sojourner in the country or at seaside resorts should certainly secure one of these instruments; and no farmer should be without one. Useful in hunting stock and game. For inspecting fences and hedges a telescope will save miles of travel every year. With a telescope you can watch employees at a distance, etc. Objects miles away are brought to view with astonishing clearness. Sent by mail or express, safely packed, prepaid for only 99 cents. Our new Catalogue of Watches, etc., sent with each order.

Read what customers say  
about our instruments.

J. D. Southwick, of Hudson, Mass., says: "Your telescope came to hand in fine season in fine shape. Just as good as you represented it. Many thanks for same. A friend of mine paid \$5.00 for one, I think no better than this."

Read what customers  
say about our instruments.

Could count the Panes of Glass.

J. W. Minich, of Grand Island, La., says: "I received one of your telescopes the other day. I could not test it until to-day on account of the weather. I began on a steam boat 1-4 miles out, then tried it on a cabin 3-4 miles away and could almost count the clapboards. Then I went up on the roof and took up boats and cabins in Havana Bay at a distance of five or six miles. I then turned it on Fort Livingstone 4-5 miles away. I could easily have told a dog from a pile on its slope. I then directed it on a building 2,540 feet distance and could plainly count the panes of glass."

Dayton Roberts, of Lamar, Ark., says: "Your telescope received and answers my purpose as well as a \$10.00 glass. Jas. Brown, Jr., of Belfontaine, Ohio, says: "Telescope received and entirely satisfactory. Better than I expected."

E. Scales, of New York, says: "Telescope received all right and I like it very much."

J. W. Beale, of Wilmica, Mich., says: "Telescope received, and I am well pleased with same. Think I can sell some."

A. F. Woodcock, Raymond, Pa., says: "I received my telescope and am surprised to find it such a good one to see with for the money."

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## In the WESTERN NUMBER Next Week



"THE HOLD UP," illustrating an incident of "Ransom's Folly," by Richard Harding Davis.

Will begin RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S story of love and adventure in the Far West  
Entitled "RANSOM'S FOLLY," Illustrated by Frederic Remington



# The UNDOING of a GREAT CONSPIRACY

By GUSTAVUS MYERS

Author of the  
"HISTORY OF TAMMANY HALL"

HOW NEW YORK'S MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES SUPPRESSED ASSORTED CRIME, PUT OFFICIAL LOOTERS AND BLACKMAILERS OUT OF BUSINESS, AND MASTERED THE

COLOSSAL CONSPIRACY RING KNOWN AS "THE SYSTEM."—AN INTERESTING AND SUGGESTIVE OBJECT-LESSON FOR MORE THAN ONE CITY GOVERNMENT.

**I**NFLUENCED by the approximate similarity of conditions and striving for the same ends, the decent elements of all cities must feel a thrill of gratification and a refreshed incentive at the turn of events in New York City.

At last the process of demolishing the most elaborate and dangerous system of police and political blackmail flourishing in any time or in any city has been begun in effective earnest. For decade after decade, under different administrations and invariable in its course, the venerable abuse of exacting tribute has thriven. By force of age and custom, if by nothing else, it seemed in the eyes of its beneficiaries a vested institution, a high prerogative whose disturbance would be a most unreasonable act. One clique has succeeded another, new directors have risen on the submersion of their predecessors. Men and methods have changed with the shifting of circumstances. But since at least the year 1840, no day or night has witnessed the cessation of operations. Streams of money have not poured into the vaults of the United States Treasury with more endless circuit of inflow than into the wallets of the men who controlled this system. Its province, by the very limitation of official authority, has been confined to the borders of the city, but its opportunities have been continuous and exhaustless. So long as any man or body of men was willing to pay for the privilege of violating the law, so long was it certain that the exchequer would be far from empty.

## TROUBLES OF OTHER CITIES

Peoples of other cities have had and still have their public tribulations. Philadelphia's government, it is acknowledged, surpasses in present state, direct and indirect, the worst epochs of New York. Chicago has been stirred to the depths by revelations of periodic corruption. And it is not outsiders, but the Grand Jury itself, of St. Louis which, within a few weeks, handed down a presentment showing how members of the General Assembly of that city trafficked their votes on measures for bribes grading from one hundred dollars to fifty thousand dollars. Other cities may, and undoubtedly do, exhibit in some respects a more profligate rule than New York has known for many a year. Yet no American city or any other civilized city can show a system of blackmail which, in extent and duration of working and in marvellous perfection of detail, could compete with New York City's. Unpalatable as the fact is, truth compels its admission.

Were it only an occasional pickpocket or a sporadic burglar cities had to deal with, the substance and power of crime would be shorn of much of their perils. The remedy would be simple. Crime, scattered and disunited, plying in solitary units or disconnected bands, would prove a menace even though outlawed and hunted down by a vigilant police. But, at most, the menace would be to individual security and possessions. It would not be a factor debauching public life or demoralizing the quality of government.

When, however, public officials, in utter contempt of their oath and their duty, exact tribute from vice and crime in return for a guarantee of immunity, then the menace strikes at the very welfare of the community. It defiects and mocks the administration of justice at the beginning. It gives a license for freebooting to the criminal classes and encourages, even orders, them to league for the swaying of elections.

Against the people of a city, their aims, their hopes, their aspirations, their struggle for purity of government and just execution of the laws, there could hardly be a greater conspiracy except in some great exceptional crisis. And this is the conspiracy which for over sixty years has weighed upon New York. It is a conspiracy which measured its hold and craft against the will of the body of people, which has had as its chief purpose and assets the power to subvert justice and discriminate in the application of the law for private enrichment. It is a conspiracy which—the core of corruption itself and existing by reason of confederates in other high offices—has ever schemed, twisted, overawed, in order to defeat good men at elections and by fraud place its own tools and accomplices in seats of authority. It has been the mortal enemy of progressive government. The whole machinery of its forces, the entire potency of its resources, have been employed in keeping intact the conditions under which its leaders grew millionaires over night and under which they were assured of freedom from molestation. In short, by the year 1901, the conspiracy assumed the form of a few heads of police and politicians against the vast population New York City embraces.

## LOOT! LOOT!! LOOT!!!

Never in the history of any municipality has been known so brazen and withal so cunning a conspiracy of its particular kind. Its revenues have been of a magnitude which would have amazed even a Roman tax-receiver. In 1892 Foreman Tabor estimated that not less than seven million dollars squeezed in blackmail from crime and vice alone, irrespective of levies upon corporations, merchants and individuals, swelled the accretions of its members. With the expansion of New York to Greater New York the subject territory gave still greater returns; for in 1901 competent observers reckoned the sum extorted from all sources liable to police interference at fully twenty million dollars. The supposition is to be accepted that unscrupulous men, callous to the origin of such money, would not let go of so huge a prize without a merciless contest. They would not invite the losing of either whole



or part without surrounding their dealings with a subterranean secrecy and a circumlocution which seemed to defy possibility of legal proof. And if any, by some mischance or leak of information, were haled to the bar on charges, they would not omit to bring into play all their influence and that of their confederates and to hire the finest legal acumen available for the saving of the accused.

So it has been hitherto. Even when Theodore Roosevelt, the most energetic, capable Police Commissioner New York has had, officiated at Headquarters the blackmailing of saloon-keepers, poolroom and gambling-house proprietors and others went on consecutively, though necessarily in a more restricted way than during the ascendancy of Tammany Hall. The system appeared so superfine, so ingeniously devised, that known as it was in general that blackmailing was going on, it was held a vain undertaking to trace in legal positiveness the money to the suspected. The wardman—or, in clearer language, the policeman in plain clothes the captain of each precinct attached confidentially to himself—would call for monthly payments of blackmail with the punctuality of a rent-collector. The rates were specified with the precision of a government tariff code. Some houses had to pay five hundred dollars for the privilege of opening their illegal business and fifty dollars a month thereafter; had they refused or lapsed into arrears, arrest and imprisonment surely would have followed. Other resorts paid more or less according to their nature and profits, and the laxity or sternness of the city administration at the time. Every one of the ten thousand saloon-keepers had to pay five to ten dollars a month to avoid harassment. Even the unfortunates of the streets were assessed. After deducting a certain understood percentage for himself the wardman sealed his collections in blank envelopes which he left in the captain's private room in the station house. Where all or part of the money went subsequently, the captain knew and superiors at Headquarters knew, but the most astute and persevering of investigators would have found it quite futile to prove a case against them on that score.

## PERSONNEL OF THE CONSPIRACY RING

This is but an outline of the colossal order of procedure which is now commonly described as "The System." During the tenure of the Police Commission of which Mr. Roosevelt was president, payments for appointments and promotions were unknown. Underground blackmail could not be wiped away, but that scandal, at any rate, was stopped. Yet as soon as decent men went out of office and spoliators came in the old method was resumed; every captain had to pay somebody at Headquarters \$15,000 to \$20,000 before he got his golden shield, and every member, or nearly every member of the force, from patrolman to sergeant, was mulcted, according to rank and pay, from four hundred to five thousand dollars for primary appointment or promotion.

Who has composed the inner ring of this conspiracy? The elements have varied from time to time. Nearly always they have been certain police functionaries joined with political manipulators. Their blackmail on the one hand has been allied with terrorism and fraud on the other. The great body of policemen were and are honest; but, if a policeman, conscious of his duty, should arrest a vicious or criminal person who paid blackmail or should seek otherwise to enforce the law, his superiors would have him transferred from post to post far away from his home, and if he persisted, he would be "broken" on trumped-up charges and dismissed from the force. And every fraudulent election in New York City has had as its connivers the powers of the conspiracy. By hook or crook they were bound to win; they did not want an honest Mayor or an honest District Attorney under whose relentless activity disaster, in some way, might come. Nay, more: if an inconvenient witness might be ready to give evidence against one or more members of the conspiracy, even murder, it is strongly believed, would not be stopped at.

Thus the conspiracy has gone on. A Reform Mayor might sit in the City Hall and an honest Commissioner at Police Headquarters, but a shield would be found in a weak or corrupt District Attorney, who, controlling the initial motion of the criminal courts, would extend his protection over the men who had been instrumental in securing him his office. Meanwhile, the public, clamoring with the pent-up force of years for the seizure of the "big criminals"—the chiefs of the entrenched conspiracy—met disappointment after disappointment. The quarry seemed as far from being brought to quick justice as ever before.

Suddenly the situation was altogether changed with the "shake up" by Governor Roosevelt, and, among other

changes, that effecting the appointment of Eugene A. Philbin. With a patience that appeared slowness, but which was the wisest policy, Mr. Philbin, in his brief term, began the work of encircling the conspiracy with invincible proofs that held and held fast in law. But Mr. Philbin was greatly hindered by the secret obstacles of a hostile administration; he had to move cautiously and with the utmost prudence.

## BEATING A COMBINATION "BAD TO BEAT"

The election of November, 1901, sweeping aside the baleful influences of Tammany Hall, left the conspiracy in a state of isolation. All the great city offices were filled with men pledged to undo it; it had no friendly help in any of the departments. It had to fall back on its own hardihood in attempt and its own dexterity in preserving its system. With William Travers Jerome as District Attorney it knew it was opposed by a man of ardent, sincere courage and of great resourcefulness of mind.

Yet displaying an effrontery which only freshly illustrates how reckless men become who have long and successfully withstood the reach of the law, the conspiracy began to demonstrate that it believed it could continue without the aid of politicians and despite warnings and stress of an inimical administration. Under the very shadow of Mr. Partridge, Commissioner of Police, blackmailing went on as before. Obviously, not so much of a total could be wrung as under Tammany, for the administration compelled the closing of many evil resorts. However, the saloons and, running clandestinely, gambling and other "producing" places were still to be preyed upon. The conspiracy was not frightened by the conviction in 1901 of some of its subaltern workers. It merely considered such happenings as unforeseen breaks incident to the most carefully laid plans. Its organization is still thought so perfect, itself so impregnable to proofs of blackmailing, that it did not hesitate to proceed as of old, with the sole modification that it observed more deviousness.

This time it calculated wrongly. Unless some one, to use its own expression, "peached"—that is to say, turned State's evidence—it knew that no police captain, inspector, chief or politician could be proven guilty of blackmailing; even then the evidence might be weak, remembering that the bribe is not made directly to the principals of the conspiracy. But District Attorney Jerome wasted no time on this line of action. If he could not prove blackmailing he would at least prove neglect, which, in law, calls for a fine and imprisonment, or both, and dismissal from the force. He caused his personal force of twenty county detectives to scour the town and carefully note every violation of the law, particularly the saloons, which, in consideration of blackmail payments, were keeping open during illegal hours. Upon the strength of this evidence he moved and is now moving to secure the indictment of all the captains involved. Furthermore, he notified the patrolmen that he would take action against every one of them who would allow infractions of the law on his post. This threat had an immediate, wholesome effect. The patrolmen who for so long had obeyed the orders of their superiors unquestioningly, meaning, as this obedience did, winking at blackmail, threw off the yoke and decided to enforce the law on their own account. Under Tammany such a rebellious spirit would have called forth the severest discipline; Headquarters would have shot its vengeance at those who dared to interrupt the process of extortion. But Commissioner Partridge was in sympathy with the patrolmen; and, moreover, knowing well to take the District Attorney at his word, they had to do their duty or run the risk of indictment, conviction and dismissal, possibly jailing.

## THE DEATH BLOW TO BLACKMAIL

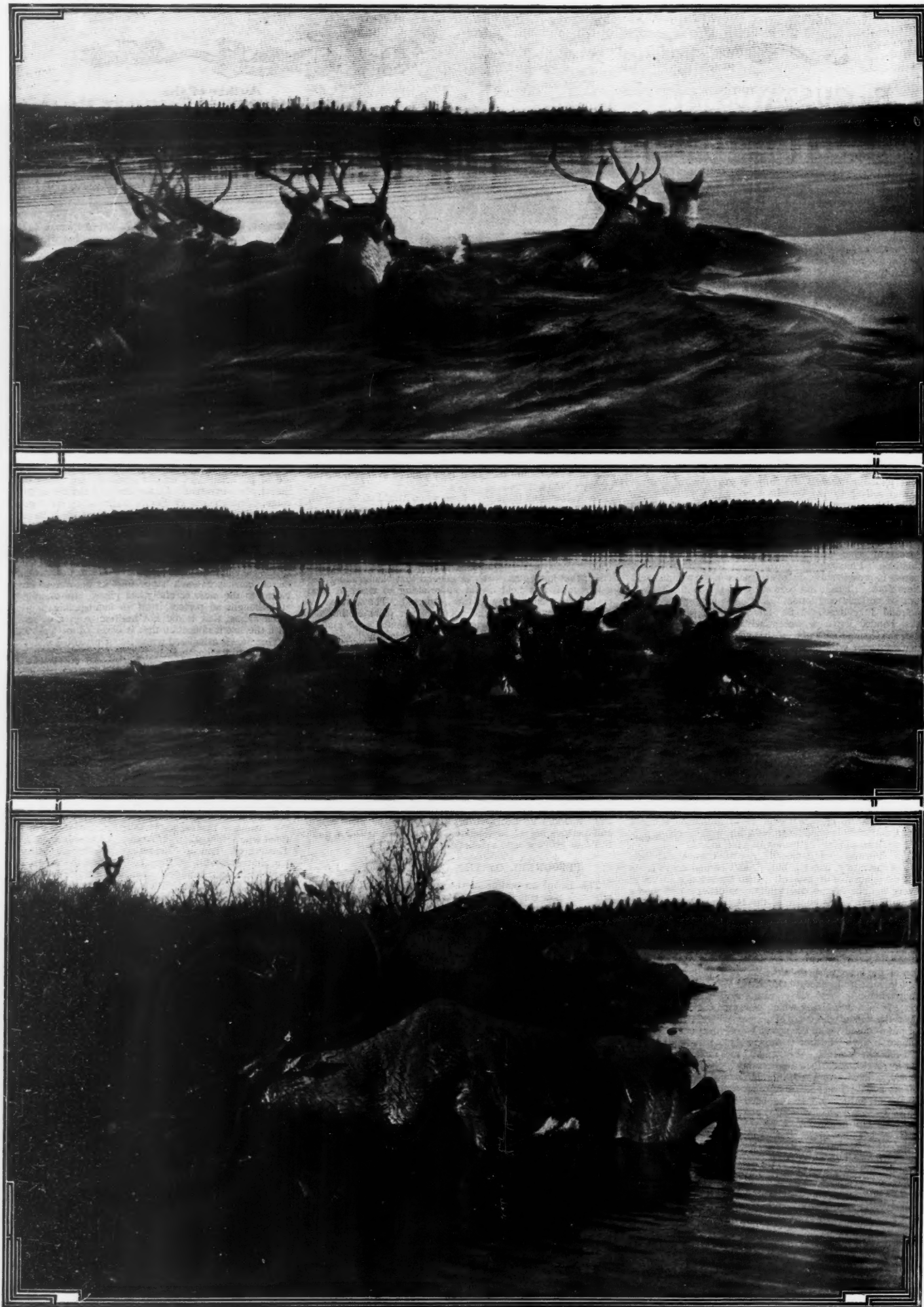
In many precincts the patrolmen arrested saloon-keeper after saloon-keeper, and in the entire city the example became contagious. Rather than undergo arrest and fine, the Liquor Dealers' Association resolved to close during illegal hours; and, as the members were no longer getting the "protection" for which they paid, it further was decided to stop paying blackmail.

Here was a fatal blow to the conspiracy. It may be only temporary and dependent upon the nature of successive administrations; but by a simple expedient District Attorney Jerome has shown how it is possible to break the revenues of a small cabal which has always sneered at efforts to undo it and which, in a manner of unceasing defiance, has seemed to tower above all law. Already half a dozen police captains are under indictment and many more may expect it; no one who knows the tenacity of the District Attorney can feel other than that every one of them will get whatever deserts are justly his. And this is only the beginning. Mr. Jerome has nearly three years and nine months more to serve. If he has accomplished results of such importance during a few months, it is within ample reason to suppose that by the time he is through the conspiracy will have been dealt such a blow as it has never yet experienced. For above the captains are a few men, popularly known as "John Does," to whom the bulk of the blackmailing money has gone, at least in recent years; and it is upon them rather than the captains that the District Attorney has his aim.

The lesson now being taught in New York City is one that should be heeded in all cities. Unprincipled men may dominate in fancied safety for long periods; all their nicety of plan built up laboriously in the course of years and all their strategy of power and conscienceless use of money are of no avail against the enforcement of the law by a keen-witted, honest District Attorney.

## IN THE GREAT CANADIAN CARIBOU COUNTRY

SNAPSHOT PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. H. WATTS



The Island of Newfoundland—where these rare and remarkable photographs were taken—is a country of high barrens and moss-covered swamps. Over this region roam the caribou in countless numbers. The shooting season extends from early summer to February, with a brief intermission. The two great annual migrations are in the fall and spring. The animals travel fast, night and day, seldom stopping to feed. The droves—excepting the larger stags—swim the lakes; the latter seem to realize the great weight of their horns and prefer to find a ford, unless hard pressed. Canoes or dories are used by the hunters, and the most picturesque and exciting “water kills” take place on the Newfoundland lakes, on the margin of which many a gallant old leader has passed out from these happy hunting grounds to a country where men come not on murder intent.



# PHANTOM PLUMES

BY MAX PEMBERTON

THE STORY OF DON CEAN GUTTARO AND OF HIS BRIDE VIOLETTA AND CERTAIN OTHER MATTERS RELATING TO A PRISONER THAT NEVER WAS IN PRISON AND TO A FLIGHT WHICH NO PURSUIT ATTENDED.



**F**EW KNOW the Spanish Riviera, and I often wonder why, for in many ways it is more attractive than the French. There are green hills, vine-clad slopes, sandy bays, sunny seas, as plentiful on the Spanish coast as ever may be found on the French or Italian; and they can show you a greater solitude, a truer atmosphere of an older world, a charm which even the *salle de jeu* may not atone for. Many a good day have I known in those unfrequented bays and ancient harbors of old Spain. The primitive civilization, even the lack of it, may please a man who has a good yacht for his hotel; who goes ashore only when the mood takes him; who can laugh at the primeval because the sea is behind him.

There you may find superstitions so outrageous that you seem to live again in the fabulous age. There you may see customs, whose years are a thousand, untroubled by the demon, knowledge. There you may find a Spain as old as that which Columbus served or Philip knew; and there sometimes you may meet with as odd an adventure as the remotest East could plan for you.

I know the Spanish Riviera; I know it well. Every page of my winter notebook bears witness to the impressions it has given me. From Almeria to Cape Cruz, I seem to remember every bend of its hilly shores; there is scarce a harbor or a hamlet of which some tale is not to be told. Witness Rosas. You touch Rosas as your yacht comes down from Perpignan; you put into the friendly bay; you speak of the Pyrenees and point to the distant snow-caps; you go ashore among a primitive people. But I do not think that you will imitate the crew of the yacht which took me there. Certainly it is safe to say that you will not marry a man.

We were four upon the yacht *Golden Fleece*, and we had been two days in Rosas doing nothing, and doing it very well, when the first book of this amazing marriage was written. Jack Ward, our skipper, had reminded us that there is an art of the deck-chair as there is of the palette and the brush. We lay in the sunshine all day, and at night gave thanks for the moonbeams.

True, it was possible to go out and climb the distant mountains; but it was also possible not to do so, and we remained on deck. I thought, on the whole, that we were safer there. Edmond Ross and his Spanish were fruitful of brawls. He read fine phrases out of a guide-book, and the Spaniards drew their knives. Matthew Kent, the doctor, lonely without fever cases, spent honest days at a deck-tennis of his own invention. The hands drank heavy Spanish wine as freely as though it had been beer, and then complained of chill. The sun shone all day gloriously; the hills were deliciously green; the gentle seas would have moved a landsman to raptures.

Now, it befell upon the afternoon of which I am thinking that the doctor and I were busy at the game of his invention, losing as many balls in the sea as would have established a West-end emporium, and generally adding to the gaiety of a nation, when Solomon Ross (for thus we called him), lying full length in a hammock above the main-boom, put a deep and exacting question to us, and insisted upon an answer.

"If you were writing to a Spanish grandee," asked he, "would you call him 'Most High and Noble Señor,' or would you say 'Dear Sir'?"

"Forty love!" cried the doctor, "and shut up, Solomon!"

But Solomon was imperturbable. "Sir" is sartorial and chiefly reserved for duns," he insisted. "Whenever I open a letter beginning with 'Sir,' I say, 'Here is a man so lost to all sense of honor that he thinks I ought to pay his bill.' Therefore, I shall not call the Spaniard 'Sir,' and 'Dear Sir' seems slightly formal. How would 'Excellency' do, Kent?"

The doctor smashed a ball into the net, and said something not to be found in the Prophets.

"Solomon," cried he, "if you don't shut up I'll put you out with a fire-bucket! What in the name of marking-ink are you up to now?"

Now Solomon Ross, our philosopher, was always a man who could command attention if he wished it. He had only to fix that prying eyeglass of his and to turn twinkling eyes upon you to have you instantly at his feet. In spite of the doctor's wrath, forgetful of our physical needs, we both crossed the deck to hear Solomon out; and of all his surprising tales I have ever listened to, that, I think, was the most wonderful.

"Say, you fellows," he cried, "I'm writing a love letter."

"You—!"

"Upon the honor of my ancestors, I am. Hark to this:

"Violetta, the English girl, who is detained against her will on the yacht *Golden Fleece*, throws herself upon the pity of Señor Guttaro and implores his help in the dreadful situation in which she now finds herself."

He read this letter through with evident relish, screwing up his eyes and looking at it, now this way, now that. What it meant, I knew no more than the stars; but of one thing there could be no doubt: Solomon Ross had stumbled upon an adventure.

"Solomon," said I, "it's about as clear as an Egyptian

hieroglyphic. You are writing a play, Solomon, you must be. I knew you had a dastardly secret."

We sat upon the bulwarks at his side and waited for him to go on. Old Jack Ward, our skipper, came up the companion and asked what the noise was about. Solomon, in gentle abstraction, took a cigar out of the doctor's case and borrowed old Jack's pipe to get a light.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I will be plain with you. This is a love letter."

We stared at him open-mouthed. He enjoyed our perplexity.

"Yes," he went on, "a love letter. Do you ken John Peel? In plain English, do you remember Don Quixote Amoroso, the fat man we saw in the café last night?"

"Do I remember him!" cried old Jack impatiently. "Why, ye spoke Spanish to him, and he said that if you hadn't been English he'd have cut your throat! Do I remember him, faith!"

Solomon pursued his way undisturbed.

"It appears," he said, "that, in endeavoring to compliment him on the beauties of Rosas I inadvertently compared him to a particularly fine cow! He was angry—I admire him for it. He is a rich man; Rosas takes off its hat to him. The women of Rosas open their shutters and scatter roses in his path. They tell me he is notorious as a lady-killer. His amours would fill a book and leave no room for the binding. He is so fond of everything English that if he had not believed that I was an American last night he would have taken poison for being rude to me. There is no English ship touching here which he does not visit twenty times on the off-chance of seeing an English girl's face on board it. What then, gentlemen? Are we to leave him unhonored and unsung? Is the Most Noble One to find no Venus among our luggage? Avault the heresy! He is coming here to-night to make love to somebody, and he shall not be disappointed. I'll see to it; I know my duty."

We smoked fiercely and debated upon it. Presently old Jack, who went to the bottom of a jest like a stone to the sand, cried:

"Read the letter again, Solomon; let's hear the whole of it."

"Violetta, the English girl, who is detained against her will on the yacht *Golden Fleece*, throws herself upon the pity of Señor Guttaro and implores his help in the dreadful situation in which she now finds herself."

There was a long pause after the recital of this extraordinary document. The doctor was the next to take up the running again.

"Violetta! Violetta!—that's a name I've heard before," said he; "why, yes, it's the little girl who used to dance in the Lion d'Or at Perpignan."

"No other," said Solomon cheerfully.

"And you mean to say," cried old Jack, "that you would lead this worthy Spanish gentleman to believe that the young lady is a prisoner on this yacht?"

"I have it in my head that it would be a wise thing to do," said Solomon.

"But he'll be bringing the Civil Guard aboard."

"It's more than likely," continued Solomon, as imperturbable as ever.

"If the police come," said I, "they'll certainly find nothing. How does the joke go on, Solomon?"

"Aha!" said he triumphantly, "you wait—!"

The doctor and I were ashore that evening, taking a good walk up the hills behind Rosas, and discussing many things



The bow with which the jester greeted us would have moved a Burmese war god to laughter

as we went. Kent, like all his kind, would cheer me up with nice accounts of ghastly cases and splendid operations which had benefited humanity but killed the patient. I forgave him because of the scene, and all that wild and splendid environment. Yonder, upon our horizon, were the spreading fields of the winter snow; here, about us, the sheltering pines, the green jalousies of the old white convent on the hill, the beams of warming light striking down to verdant glades; the fertile meadow lands, the country of the vines. Far down below, the gentle waves of the tideless sea rolled white and sparkling upon the golden sands. Our own yacht lay like some white bird sleeping upon the azure waters. From the town of Rosas itself came up to us the music of bells, the shimmer of the faint blue smoke. Before such a scene a man might care nothing for bacilli; he would do much better to think of brigands.

"Kent," said I, "you carry a twopenny cane, and mine's no better. They are killing Englishmen at Barcelona and putting up statues to them afterward. Do you want a memorial, or will you turn back, Whittington?"

"Now," said he, "I never thought of brigands. They're a rough lot, and their knives are not always clean. We should have no antiseptic, and it might go hard with us—but, halloo! What's going on down yonder?"

He indicated a small boat which had put out from the harbor below us and was now being rowed rapidly toward our own yacht. I stood with him to watch the boat, and saw that it circled the *Golden Fleece* twice, and then remained for a good ten minutes, drifting in the loom of our ship. By and by an oar was put out from the boat and something appeared to be taken up from the sea.

"A strange boat and a strange business," said I at last; "lend me your glass, Kent, and let's take a look."

He gave me the glass willingly, and I focused it upon the scene. My next word surprised him very much.

"By all that's feminine," said I, "there's a woman on the yacht!"

"Scribe—you have been drinking Spanish sherry!"

"Look for yourself, man; she's at the companion hatch. Isn't that a woman's hat, or am I dreaming it?"

"It is a hat, by Jove!" cried he. "A woman's hat, and three plumes to it!"

"Not a feather have we got among all the company," said I, after a pause. "And what woman could have come aboard? Solomon doesn't know any one in Rosas! He's only been ashore to dinner!"

"Ask me another! If there's a quicker eye for a good joke in all Spain than Solomon's, send away my next fever case! We'll go down and see it out—there's fun going, Scribe, there must be!"

We hurried through the wood, below which Rosas showed its roofs sloping in tiers to the water's edge, and coming out upon the quay we found our own boat waiting, and Jack, the skipper, himself at the tiller of it.

"Jack, Jack!" said I, "who's the girl on board the yacht?"

The question took him all aback, so that I had to repeat it, and even then he made nothing of it.

"Divil a girl at all," said he; "what would I be doing with fresh flowers like that?"

"But I saw her with my own eyes," said I; "she's sitting at the top of the companion, and wearing a hat with three black feathers. I'll tell you another: She's tossing flowers to the men in the Spanish gig. What does it mean, Jack? Who is she?"

He shook his head sadly, and hurried down the ladder to the boat. I did not fail to remark that Jake Carter, one of the hands, kept his back to us persistently, though his shoulders were shaking; while Bill, the bo'sun, appeared to be threatened with an early attack of apoplexy.

"Tis Master Solomon up to some of his games again," said the skipper, as we pushed her off. "The Lord be good to us—that same young gentleman will fill jails before we sight the Lizard. Has he got a hat, think ye? 'Twould be an odd thing to keep in one's baggage!"

The doctor was of the same opinion.

"What hat should he have?" he interposed impatiently; "he's not a bagman! Say that he's been ashore and taken some sea-nymph aboard, and you're nearer to the truth. Solomon's not the man to trot hats round the country, I'd stake a dozen of fizz on it!"

"And lose it, Kent; you'd lose it, lad!" says the skipper. "Trust Solomon to raise a hat if he's the mind to. He'd make one out of the fishpan and cock's feathers! 'Tis that bit of a letter he wrote this afternoon! He's sent it, I do believe, and it's brought the Spaniards to the yacht. There'll be the devil to pay before eight bells, surely!"

We were at the harbor's mouth when this encouraging prophecy was uttered, and no sooner had we turned about to make the yacht than a longboat, with three Spaniards in it, shot by us in the gloom and disappeared behind the old stone quay. Quickly as it went, and deeply as the shadows were growing, I could, nevertheless, make out the figure of the portly Spaniard who yesterday had resented Edmond Ross's rendering of his native tongue. He sat in the bow of the boat, a heavy black cloak about his shoulders and a

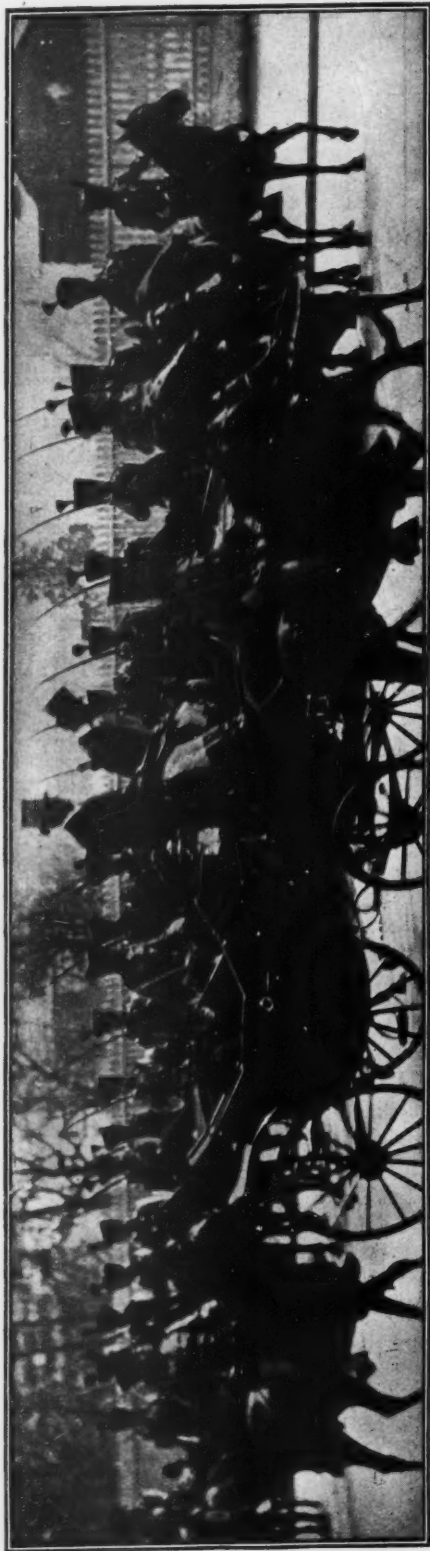
COLLIER'S WEEKLY

# PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT COLUMBIA'S INSTALLATION

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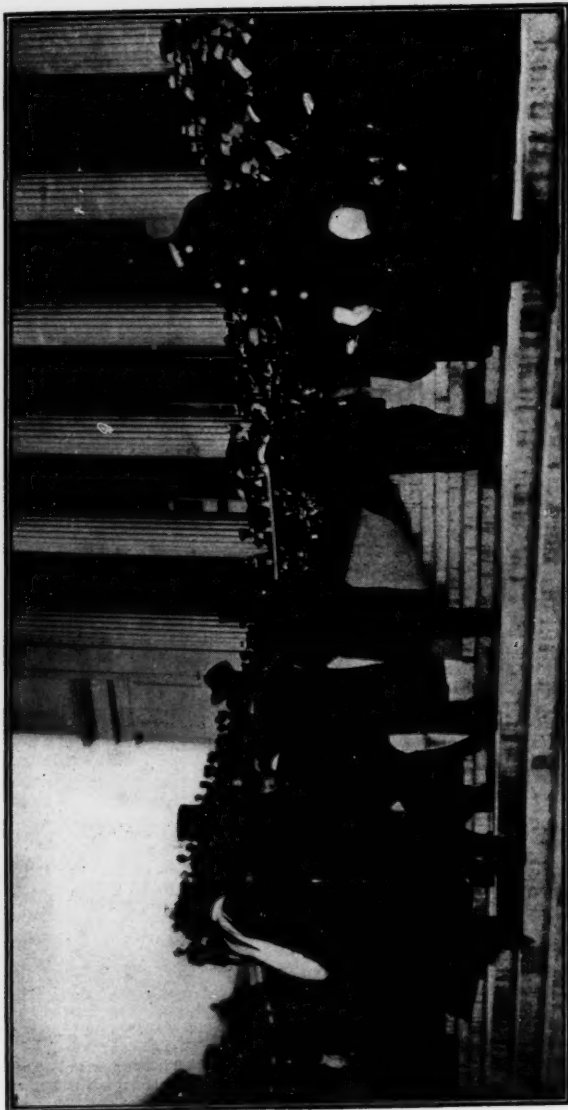
President Roosevelt



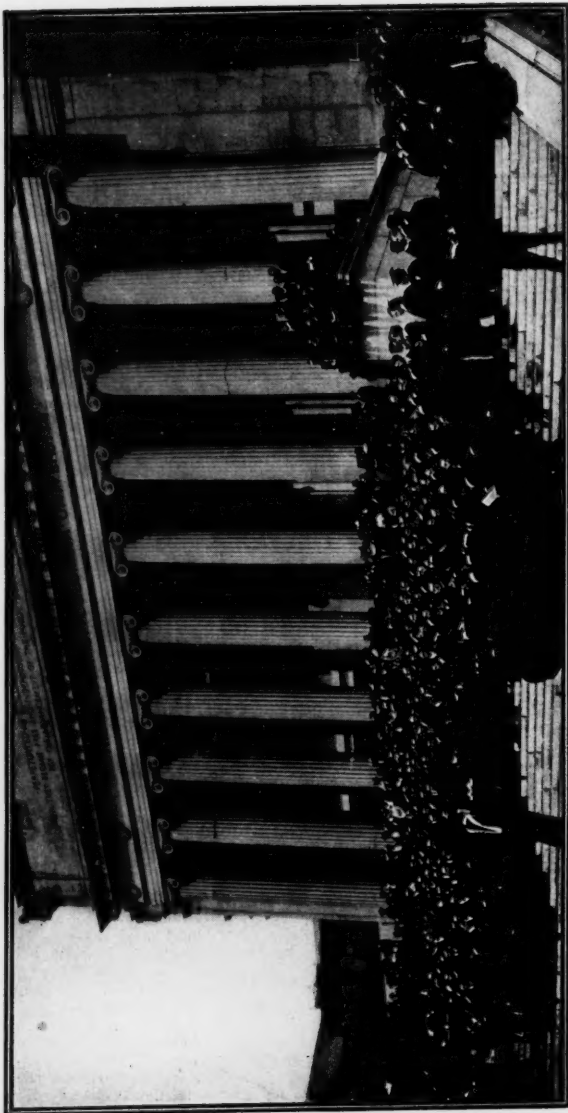
The President and Ex-Mayor Hewitt Arrive under Escort of Squadron A



President Butler



The President and other Dignitaries Ascending the Steps of the Library



Five Hundred Undergraduates Singing College Songs on the Library Steps







The Barnard Collegiate Contingent Parade in Honor of the Occasion



Presidents of various Colleges in Robes Participating in the Formal Parade



Governor Odell Arrives at Columbia



The President, College Presidents, and Professors in the Parade on the Way to the Gymnasium



President Roosevelt and Ex-Mayor Hewitt

On April 19 Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler was installed as President of Columbia University, in succession to Mr. Seth Low, now Mayor of New York City. President Roosevelt, Governor Odell, Mayor Low, and Ex-Mayor Hewitt were among the many distinguished personages present at the ceremonies of inauguration, which took place in the Gymnasium. The professors, instructors, and undergraduates, and the female students of Barnard College were in attendance. The Presidents of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Chicago Universities delivered formal addresses, President Roosevelt contributing a brief speech. President Butler was born at Elizabeth, New Jersey, in 1862; he graduated from Columbia in 1882, and in 1885 began to teach there in the Department of Philosophy. (See page 23.)

Pictures by James H. Hare, our Staff Photographer



Never did three men pry into a ship with a curiosity more clumsy

villain's ample slouch hat stuck so low upon his forehead that it almost touched his tragedian's mustache. I even thought that he greeted us with a profound obeisance as he passed; but of this I was not sure, and, in any case, it was plain that he had just come from the yacht, and that Solomon Ross's letter had called him there.

"Jack," said I, "the letter went, don't doubt it. He thinks there is an English girl kept aboard against her will, and his more or less youthful heart is touched. I am curious to know what the next move will be. It's a scarecrow of a joke if it ends like this."

"Trust Solomon," says the skipper; "his jokes don't often want clothes! I'd be backing Edmund Ross for the fun, any day, and not lose my money. He'll have a story for us when we go aboard—and, as for that, there's the beginning of it already!"

He stood up to catch the yacht's ladder; and as we came alongside, what should we see but a great black hat, such as a Frenchwoman might wear; and in the hat three ostrich plumes, and under the hat the twinkling eyes of Solomon Ross!

We leaped on board, and stood to behold this amazing figure. There was no longer any doubt about it. There, in a suit of gaudy flannels, which would have moved a red Indian to raptures, a pipe between his teeth, a big bouquet of flowers in his hand, the amazing hat capping all, was Edmund Ross, commonly called "Solomon." I wondered no longer that Bill, the bo'sun, was threatened by apoplexy. The bow with which the jester greeted us would have moved a Burmese war god to laughter.

"The hat!" cried the skipper, "look at the hat of him!—and the flowers at his poor heart. 'Solomon,' 'Solomon!' you'll be the death of me this day!"

"Solomon," lying at full-length on the deck-chair, and filling his great pipe slowly, condescended to throw light upon the matter.

"Glad you like the hat," said he; "seems to have touched the Spaniard, anyway. Jake Carter bought it at the French shop in Tarragona. He says there's nothing like spending your money on something sensible. This hat might come in for his wife if he should marry. I had it in my mind when I made love to the Spaniard. And it appealed to him, gentlemen; it appealed to him. We've written half a book here since you went away, and we're going to write the rest to-morrow. Let me assure you, in the immortal words of Byron, that 'hats looked love to hats that looked again!'"

"And did music arise with its voluptuous swell?" I ventured to ask.

"Yes," said Solomon, "he's not a good sailor!"

The idea seemed to amuse him very much; regardless of the beautiful hat, he lay full-length on the deck-chair and indulged in a moment of riotous exuberance. Presently he said:

"I'll read you the old boy's letter—yes, he's written one! Observe the fist. It is fine enough to decorate the tomb of the Prophet!"

He unfolded an enormous sheet of paper, signed and sealed with splendid elaboration; and therefrom he read to us a letter written in quite admirable English:

"Señor Guttaro implores the Señorita Violetta to lay her case before the English Consul at Barcelona. Señor Guttaro's house and all that is in it are at the disposal of the Señorita."

We made Ross read the letter twice, and then we waited. It was clearly our friend's duty to continue. The Spaniard had come and gone. He had seen the beautiful hat at the top of the companion ladder. He believed, no doubt, that an English lady was kept a prisoner on board the *Golden Fleece*. But what next? How did the joke go on? Not a man of us, I witness, had the remotest idea.

"Well, Solomon?" the question peppered him from all quarters, "well, what next?"

"Aha!" said he, like a philosopher stumbling upon a momentous truth, "all, what next—! Well, for one thing, skipper, I must have the launch to-morrow."

"The launch! What, in the name of thunder, do you want the launch for?"

"To make Port Vendres, skipper. I can get to Perpignan by rail from there."

"You can, surely; and what will you be doing at Perpignan?"

Solomon held up the bouquet triumphantly.

"I'll be giving these flowers to Mademoiselle Violetta."

"What! the little girl at the Lion d'Or?"

"No other."

"Solomon, you're a wonder; ye've the head of ten!"

"And the appetite of four. Gentlemen, I hear the gong for dinner."

I have recorded this surprising adventure up to this point in the spirit in which I believe it was conceived, and, for

some time, carried on. Looking back upon that strange day now, when many days have passed, I cannot bring myself to realize that Edmund Ross was other than the most trifling *farceur*, when some spirit of evil put into his inventive head the notion of writing a sham letter to Don Guttaro. Starting from that point, the snowball rolled until it became a haunting monster, pursuing us wherever we turned. And the end of it was—but we must wait for that.

Now, Solomon kept his word, and left for Port Vendres next morning. When he had gone, I tried to sum the matter up, and this is what I made of it:

1. Edmund Ross, passenger upon the yacht *Golden Fleece*, had gone ashore at Rosas, a Spanish village, and had there encountered an amorous Spaniard, famous for his wealth, his incurable gallantry, and his desire of an English wife.

2. Edmund Ross, aforesaid, had exchanged angry words with the Spaniard, and left the inn with a grudge against him.

3. An innkeeper had spoken of the Spaniard's wealth, of his innumerable amours, of his readiness to go fifty miles any day if the necessary feminine impulse were supplied.

4. Thereafter Edmund Ross had written a letter to Don Guttaro, setting out the *suggestio falsi* that an English girl was a prisoner on the *Golden Fleece*.

5. The Spaniard had visited our anchorage to discover, if he could, the presence of a lady on the yacht, and, following the visit, Edmund Ross had left us for Vendres, and thence, as we did not doubt, for Perpignan.

This, then, was the argument, and from this deduction I spoke to Captain Jack directly we were seated at the breakfast table.

"Skipper," said I, seeing all things in the sunny light of that glorious shore, "the bird's flown, and Heaven knows what he'll bring back in his beak! It seems to me that if you don't show your heels to Rosas quickly we'll all be in the town jail before nightfall. Solomon will go through with it; he certainly will go through with it, and then, what then, old Jack?"

The skipper ate his ham and eggs with a stolid indifference.

"I can't believe it," said he presently. "He's gone to Perpignan just to fool us! What else should he go for? It's true that he met little Violetta there, and swore he'd come back with a castle. He's gone now to excuse himself. They'll mingle their tears and say 'good-by.' I know the feeling; it's many quarts of that same mingling I've done in my time!"

"That's all very well," chimed in the doctor, "but the joke's not going to end there; Solomon's too deep for that. He's set this thing going, and he'll see it through. Why, this very morning a man in blue breeches and a brown beard came fussing to the harbor's quay and watched us a full hour or more. I don't doubt the tale is all over the country by this time. We shall be having the Lord Mayor and sheriffs aboard presently. A fine figure you'd cut if they impound the yacht, skipper!"

Old Jack laughed contemptuously.

"I'd like to see the Spaniard that would impound me if I'd the mind to weigh and sail," said he. "'Tis not that I'm thinking of, but what's coming after. Suppose that he brings the girl aboard—he's done stranger things. A pretty mess we'd be in then. And he's capable of it, doctor; he's capable of the infamy!"

I was about to put in my word when Bill, the bo'sun, came down the companion and told us a strange tale.

"Sir," he said, "here's the Spaniard come alongside, and a man in a cocked hat together with him. Will ye have them aboard, or shall I answer them civilly with a little cold water?"

We jumped to our feet and ran up the companion. There, at the ladder's head, was Don Guttaro himself, and with him two men whose dress betrayed the Spanish Customs. They greeted us with profound bows and a flow of Spanish, of which we did not understand a single word. But Guttaro himself spoke English, and such as it was we gleaned a meaning of it.

"Señors," said he, "your pardon. Permit me the great honor that I shall behold your vessel. These with me, they shall be Custom House officer; but señors, give them nothing; they tam thieves."

Well, we made up our minds upon the instant. Perhaps we had all been just a little afraid of Solomon and his jest. Here was a chance of satisfying the Spaniard once and for all, and of getting out of Rosas with whole bones. We jumped at it; and, bidding the three aboard, we showed them the yacht from fo'castle to stern-post. Never did three men pry into a ship with a curiosity more clumsy. As for Don Guttaro himself, I believe that he lifted the very tablecloths; peering here, peering there, now blushing to the eyebrows, now raising his voice as though some one hidden might hear him—at last he could conceal his impatience no longer, and he began to question us.

"You have pleasant voyage, nice parties upon the deep?" he asked.

We answered that the voyage was heavenly, the company most desirable.

"And the señorita—the she well?"

I could not help it; for a thousand pounds I could not have held my tongue.

"She's just gone ashore," said I; "if you'd have been ten minutes earlier she would have been delighted to speak for herself, señor."

He cocked up his ears at this, and listened as one who hears news of paradise.

"Buena," said he, "she have gone ashore. Perchance, gentlemen, she will call at my dwelling. She find me much bare, much have nothings; but peoples come to my house for the tablet which Murillo paint, and I do not shut the door. There would be some one with her?"

"She's gone ashore with her brother," said I quickly. "They're riding out to the hills. She'll be back at sunset, señor."

He nodded his head with satisfaction. He believed every word that I told him, and Heaven knows what put the strange tale into my head. For that was the baldest of lies, you say? I answer you no. It was the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

I had said that Violetta of Perpignan would be on the yacht at sunset; and she was there, to the minute, the little girl of the Lion d'Or, laughing and radiant, and as full of fun as ever.

Now, Señor Guttaro had left us about midday, and thereafter we proceeded as quickly to forget that such a worthy person existed. In the masterly English of Matthew Kent, we had "pulled the Spanish leg," and that was the beginning and the end of it. For many days to come this portly vintner would relate to wondering Rosasians the story of the English yacht and the prisoner it carried. He would speak of dark eyes and deeds not less dark; hint at what he would have done but for this or that preventing it; set himself up, maybe, for the devil of a knight-errant, whom chance had thwarted. And we—we should be many a league away—flirting with the Southern waters or disporting ourselves in Western bays. For my part, I repeat that I thought it but a lame joke at the best; and yet I would tell myself for consolation that Edmund Ross was no lame jester when the mood took him. Something remained, I said—there must be something.

At sunset I knew the truth. It was at sunset that the launch returned from Port Vendres; at sunset when Matthew Kent came bounding down into my cabin to tell me that Violetta of Perpignan was aboard the yacht.

"She's there, man, Violetta herself; I tell you she's aboard. Solomon's brought her! Why don't you speak?—he's brought her, I tell you, Violetta, the girl at the Lion d'Or; she's on deck—she's there, don't you hear me—!"

I sat down in my bunk and cast a glance of pity at the doctor. He was breathing like a winded horse; his eyes positively danced with excitement; he could not keep his hands still. Such a deplorable lack of self-control I have rarely witnessed.

"Kent," said I, "have I contradicted you? If you say that Solomon Ross is mad, is it for me to deny it?"

He threw himself on the sofa, and wiped away the perspiration which had begun to trickle from his forehead to his nose, and from his nose to his restless hands.

"Look here!" he cried. "This is just lunacy! He goes to Perpignan, and he brings this girl aboard at sunset! If she'd have dropped in to breakfast, it wouldn't have mattered much; we could have sent her back to dinner, and that's all right. But she's here now, and she will want my cabin, and I'll have to sleep in the cross-trees—just like a travelling crow that can't pay rent—!"

"Now," said I, pacifying him, "now, my dear Kent, please don't forget that you're a professional man. Let not the sun go down upon your wrath. It's a Scriptural injunction. Remember we've a lady aboard. It cannot be supposed that Solomon would commit such an infamy as to take your cabin. He has other ideas. I would put it to you that we go on deck and hear them."

He was not to be reassured. Like many a hardened yachtsman, he hated women about the ship. For the rest of it—the phantom hat, the jest upon old Guttaro—I do not believe he had a thought.

"He can't send her back until morning," he went grumbling on, "and there'll be no bridge to-night. If there was a decent hotel I'd go and sleep there; but you know that there isn't. There isn't a decent hotel in Spain—unless you're a flea. I'm not going to stand it, Scribe. I'm too old to be polite."

The reflection pained him. He began to decorate himself before my glass, and the comb lighted the last embers of an expiring vanity in his abundant locks. For my part, I took off a sweater and put on a coat. It was a concession to Mademoiselle Violetta.

"Let's hear Solomon first," said I, as we quitted the cabin together. "He cannot be such an ass as to bring the girl here unless some house is open to her on shore! Perhaps he's going to send her up, with his compliments, to old Guttaro! It would just be gigantic!"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"I'll tell you what," said he; "if we're not in the town jail this time to-morrow we're lucky."

Mademoiselle Violetta sat upon a pile of cushions under the aft awning; her childish face peeped up at me from an exceedingly large French hat; her shapely hands were gloved as only France could glove them; her shoes, tapping the white boards of the deck, were in keeping with that *chic* air she carried so well. Twenty years of age, perhaps, at the shrewdest guess, a cosmopolitan life had already given this charming singer a command of manner and speech



Of the four that watched her three simply gaped open-mouthed in wonder



which were delightful to encounter. Not for one moment did her presence upon the yacht seem to embarrass her. She chattered like a child whose tongue has been loosed by confidence. First to Master Ross in the deck-chair at her side, then with dramatic gesture to the wondering skipper, she was no less at home with the doctor and myself, and named us almost before we were up the companion.

"Ah! *mon sieur le medecin*, who kill the peoples; and you, his Inglesa friend. Mistaire Ross 'ave told me of you, *et je suis charmé messieurs!* The doctaire in Spain, he cure you by—what you say?—quack the beak; but the Inglesa doctaire, he kill you like the gentleman! Ah, *comme je les connais!* Mama, she once ten and one month in London. I call myself Inglesa—why not? I sing ze London zong, 'Ome, Zweet 'Ome,' and the peoples cry 'Hencore!' Ah, messieurs, it is good to be Inglesa here; Mistaire Ross, he say so. Will you not give me a zigarette, Mistaire Ross, or is that—what you say?—shocking?"

She babbled on like a torrent from the mountain side. Of the four that watched her three simply gaped open mouthed in wonder; the fourth—and he was Edmund Ross—appeared to enjoy her company immensely. Our own embarrassment, I think, added to his comfort. He gave her a cigarette with a splendid show of courtesy, and then remembered that he had not introduced her.

"Mademoiselle Violetta de Lorme—permit me, skipper. She is on her way to the convent on the hill up there. One of her relatives, I understand, is a sister there. Is not that so, mademoiselle?"

"She no sistaire; she, what you say, remove the cousin. She very solemn little girl; never have nothing to pay for dresses, and she say 'this is peace!' When I go to the convent, I have peace also; no sing, no laugh, no dance ze polka—ah, *comme c'est drôle!* I go to ze convent, and one, two, three day I say 'bon!'; fourth day I say, 'If I stay here I die!' Sapristi!"

"So you stay at the convent, mademoiselle," the doctor exclaimed approvingly; "I suppose you are taking a holiday, then?"

"Ah, *quelle force!* You know why I come, *mon sieur le medecin!* I make the heart to Don Guttaro. He is a very nice old man. Mistaire Ross 'ave told me. I remember him. He vare rich, enornement; he nevaire marry."

She dined with us at seven o'clock, and at half-past eight the launch took her to the harbor quay.

"When I marry the Señor Guttaro, you all dance at the wedding," she said playfully. And we promised to. Her chance of marrying that same worthy seemed about as good as her prospect of flying to the moon.

Now, we put her ashore at half-past eight, and, sending Jake Carter and Bill, the bo'sun, up the hill with her to the convent gate, we turned immediately upon Solomon and demanded explanations.

"I'm off to the Spaniard's house," he said determinedly; "that's my intention. Come along, gentlemen. The fun's beginning."

To say that we had followed him timorously is no word for it. Until the end, I think, we believed that he would not dare to go on with it. And there he was at last, ringing the Spaniard's bell, while the watch-dogs barked, and voices were to be heard behind the wicket, and the glow of lanterns was seen in the Spaniard's garden. There we were, three quaking men, and there was the old Spanish servant with a horn lantern in his hand. Who answered him, who spoke, I cannot tell you. I remember only that we crossed a dark garden and stood at length in a long, bare room, which a single oil lamp illumined. Two minutes afterward Don Guttaro himself was bowing before us and asking our pleasure.

"Sir," said Ross, "I must apologize for this visit and the hour of it. Nothing, believe me, but a circumstance of great gravity would warrant our intrusion at such a time."

"So much, señor, I have comprehended. It shall concern the señorita, without doubt."

"I does concern her, as you, of all people, are aware."

"I, señor, I am aware—why for I am aware?"

"Solomon" advanced toward him a step and struck an attitude which would have done credit to Medea mourning her children.

"Excuse me," said he, "but this is not the time for explanations. You know as well as I do that the lady Violetta has left our ship and taken refuge in the Convent of the Sacred Heart. It is not necessary for me to remind you at whose instigation she has done such a thing; but I would have you remember that we are Englishmen and that our ambassador is at Madrid!"

Now, a more surprised man than Don Guttaro, when he heard this news, was not to be found in all Spain that night. He stared at Edmund Ross as though he were a spectre.

"At my instigation, you say—he was at my instigation, señor?—I swear upon the Gospel that I have known nothing. You play the trick with me—you say the false lie! She is not in the convent at all. She run away from the prison. You know it. You make me the mock, but I snap my

fingaire at your ambassador's nose! I am the merchant of Rosas, and I have twenty years respectable behind me. If the young lady suffer, she shall go away. She have right reason, and I shall protect her, señor—!"

He said this with a magnificent flourish of his arm which almost upset the lamp upon the table. I thought that he was going to call in his servants to eject us from the premises, but "Solomon" spoke again before he could do so, and "Solomon's" oration was worthy of the classics:

"Understand," he said, "this cannot end here. As the guardian of the interests of Mademoiselle Violetta de Lorme, I tell you plainly that we expect to deal with a man of honor! And that if he proves to be otherwise—if, having instigated this young lady to leave her friend, he acts otherwise than as a Spanish gentleman, we shall hold him to an account which he will remember as long as he lives. Good-night, señor; I have nothing further to say to you!"

He swept his cloak about him in a magnificent gesture, and we followed him from the room. In the aureole which the dismal lamp cast upon the floor I saw the figure of Caen Guttaro, speechless with anger and amazement.

We returned to the yacht with excited steps. For the first time since the beginning of it, three of us, at least, understood the jest in all its brazen impudence. Yet what would come of it, what the end would be, even a prophet might not have told. One thing alone was certain, that Don Caen Guttaro knew that Violetta was at the convent and believed that she had fled there from our ship. The rest the day would tell us. We waited for the day with a sick man's expectancy.

Now, the first news of the morning was brought to us by the captain of the Civil Guards of Rosas, who rowed out to the yacht at nine o'clock, and summoned us from the breakfast table to hear his amazing story.

"Gentlemen," he said, in excellent French, "I am anxious to know if the young lady who went to the Convent of the Sacred Heart last night is a passenger on your ship or not."

"Then you have news of her!" cries old Jack.

"Most certainly—interesting news. She was married at eight o'clock this morning to Don Caen Guttaro, and has gone with him to Andorra."

Not a man among us said a word. Yonder, on the old quay, were two of the nuns waiting with the news. They were still waiting when we weighed anchor and left Rosas and its green jealousies forever.

THE END

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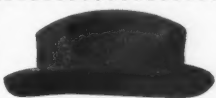
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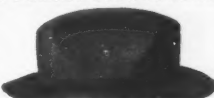
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# Why Women should be interested in Politics.

by Mrs. Clarence Burns.



**I** AM INTERESTED in politics only as a means to an end not otherwise to be attained. Politics—clean politics—it seems to me, ought to be the hope, the goal of every good woman's endeavor. She ought to be interested in politics because she is in reality what one might call the kingpin of the very game itself. A woman should always remember that whatever the issues may be—however complicated and apparently remote from her sphere of interest—upon analysis those issues must resolve themselves into measures of either menace or benefit to the much-vaunted home. We prate incessantly about home, sweet home, and the sanctity thereof; we indulge in endless platitudes anent the consecration of the purity of our young girls and of the decency of our young men, and yet we take not the slightest interest in those same things when they are presented to us in the abstract of a political issue.

In other words, it is the peculiarity, mayhap the misfortune, of women to be endowed with concrete rather than abstract intellects.

This peculiarity—or misfortune, if you will term it so—it has been the good work of the club woman to attempt to obviate. The club woman is evolving, developing latent faculties in her sex. She is teaching women that the principle is greater than the thing, and that the community is of more importance than the individual. Thus by slow stages women—a few of them, at least—are beginning to realize the importance which political measures bear to themselves.

I do not believe that any man or woman can work among the poor of a large city for any length of time without realizing that every vital interest is controlled by legislation. Therefore, any lasting benefits that come to these poor people must come through the same source. Take, for instance, the public

We had few breathing-spots such as parks or playgrounds, but plenty of saloons and dance halls with which to ensnare the young and unsuspecting, not to speak of gambling houses and houses of prostitution; and all under the protection of the Police Department, which is paid to protect the interests of the masses.

The system of blackmail was a fine art. It was practiced with signally successful results upon small merchants and upon push-cart peddlers, who were forced to pay exorbitant tribute for the privilege of conducting lawful and legitimate business.

Protests against this state of affairs were unheeded, and it was felt that the only possible manner by which redress could be accomplished was by women studying legislation and taking an active part in politics—not by means of the ballot direct, but by the judicious exercise of her influence with sweet-heart, husband or brothers.

Thus the transition from the tenement-house worker to the political club woman was as natural as it was easy.

Just at this time Mrs. Mark Pomeroy, the wife of "Brick" Pomeroy, a most charming and capable woman, called a meeting of the women of the West Side. We convened at a hall on the corner of Amsterdam Avenue and Ninety-sixth Street, rented for the purpose. I then and there became deeply interested in the work of reform and political affairs.

After the election of Mayor Strong in 1894 the Republican women were organized and I was made president of the first woman's Republican association in the State of New York.

During the ensuing campaigns we have been furnished with headquarters and literature, which was distributed through the tenement districts. For example, during the last campaign we had three headquarters located at the following places: 274

schools—the most vital of all issues, the very bulwarks of our American civilization; take the housing of the poor, the public health—all are controlled and adjusted by the political party in power.

It was through philanthropic work that I thus became personally interested in politics some eight years ago. The mothers of the tenements appealed to me to get their children into school. Perhaps out of a family of five or six only two children were attending school. This through no unwillingness of the children, but because there were not enough schoolhouses.

Upon investigation it was discovered that more than fifty thousand children of school age were running about the streets unable to enter any school. Think of this in free, progressive, enlightened America! It was an especially deplorable condition for a great city like New York.

The streets were in so filthy a condition that the death-rate was alarmingly high among the children of the tenements as well as in better homes.

Bowery, 165 Avenue A, and at the corner of Eighth Avenue and Twenty-third Street—Sheehan's old district.

Our women were stationed at these headquarters and the women of the neighborhood invited to come in and be sociable. They were made to feel an interest in the questions which the men of their neighborhoods were discussing at every street corner.

As soon as these poor, hard-working mothers began to realize what the election meant for them and for their children they took great interest in the work.

Others of our women went from house to house distributing literature, explaining what the issues meant and how those issues affected their interests.

In the last municipal campaign our work was even more arduous. The associated Republican women distributed more than five hundred thousand pamphlets in all languages, and through their efforts the fusion ticket received tens of thousands of votes that would and must have otherwise been lost to Tammany. Most of the women engaged in the campaign were familiar with philanthropic work, so they knew how to approach these women and persuade them.

Sometimes the question is asked, why are we Republicans? Why, if we must interest ourselves in politics, should we become partisans? Why do we not restrict ourselves to a non-committal policy?

To which I would answer, women are Republicans for the same reason that men are Republicans. We do not consider that principles are transmuted by sex. We are not in politics for fun or to gratify a passing whim. Are women incapable of cherishing political convictions or of fostering legislative ideals? We are Republicans, not because our fathers were, but because, first, we believe in the policy of protecting American industries against foreign competition; because we believe that the highest intelligence, the best thought and the broadest American sentiment are expressed by that party, and because we are against Tammany Hall, its methods and its men. We work in unison with the State Committee of the Republican party. We distribute literature. We visit the homes of the electors and discuss current political questions with them and take in all ways an active general interest in the work of the party. So why should we not call ourselves Republicans?

And our work has been productive of good results, as seen in the better school facilities, parks and playgrounds for the children of the tenement districts, cleaner streets and homes, fewer bar-rooms, better sanitation and, above all, less blackmail. We are more than ever convinced that there is room for great work ahead for the woman in politics.

I would say that it is the duty of every woman to study intelligently the political issues of the day and especially those regarding city government. A wise administration of the affairs of this great city means kindergartens and schools in plenty for the children, clean streets, parks and breathing spots for our people, and strict justice and opportunity to all men.

Women of strength and purpose who take up lines of political work can accomplish the best results. Political work will become better and purer as the wives and mothers increase in active interest in the politics which make the American home possible.

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By far the most popular hat of the season is the flower hat. This jaunty little toque, simple but artistic in design, is most appropriate for afternoon or evening toilette. It is made entirely of deep purple violets—a shade admirably suited to the brunette. Other flower hats are seen in white roses and foliage, and a very effective style is made entirely of large red silk poppies. Poppy hats in black and white are among the very latest of the flower hats.

Carriage Hat of Pink Silk, Straw and Black Plumes

Plumes seem to be as much in vogue now as they were in the winter. Combinations of plumes and maulene are very beautiful, and accordingly popular; the black and white plumed hat shown here is an exquisite creation. Such a style gives the wearer a decidedly youthful appearance, and the flare is a shape much worn this spring. This hat is faced with shirred white mousseline-de-soie, and the large white liberty satin bow gracefully draped at the back carries out perfectly the rich effect of black and white.

The other black and white hat on this page is of an entirely different style. It is one of the smartest shapes of the season. The crown and upper part of the brim are made of shirrings of black liberty satin ribbon, the facing being of fancy white straw. An exquisite plume gives dash, which, however,



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face of the wearer.

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this year. There can be nothing lovelier than  
a sweet girlish face surmounted by this grace-  
ful drooping style of headgear. Daintiness  
and youthful simplicity peep forth from every  
crevice of the garden hat, and one can readily  
picture a fair young face beneath each one  
on view in the shops. The garden hat here  
given is a simple affair and beautiful because  
of its very simplicity of style. It is made  
of a pale violet fancy lace straw, and the  
wreath around it is of large orchids, shaded  
to blend harmoniously, and draped so as to  
give the hat a graceful droop.

Another popular style of garden hat is the  
"Dolly Varden poke." This is a large, old-  
fashioned poke bonnet of fancy straw, with  
flowers underneath and atop the brim, and  
ribbon or chiffon streamers at the back. It  
is a very quaint affair, and most becoming  
to the girl of demure, Puritanical appearance.  
Such hats as these may be worn, not only at  
garden parties and similar fêtes, as the name  
might lead one to infer, but they are suitable  
for any afternoon or evening function and are  
even an appropriate style of headgear for the  
promenade or drive.

Speaking of driving, a perfect marvel of a  
picture hat is shown in the carriage hat here  
given. This artistic piece of milliner's craft  
is made of rich pink satin straw. It has the  
popular Directoire dip, front and back, and its  
trimming consists of a drapery of fine black  
lace set off by large black plumes. Long black  
velvet ends hanging from the back make a fit-  
ting finish to this artistic design. This style  
of hat is exceedingly becoming to the dash-  
ing type of girl, although it is a shape that  
could be worn with satisfaction by any one.

The "plateaus" are seen as much this sea-  
son as in former years—and justly so; for by  
a deft twist or turn a plateau can be shaped  
to suit any taste. The plateau shown on the  
opposite page is of leghorn—a straw always  
pretty and popular—and its sole garniture is  
a wreath of full-blown pink roses put on as a  
facing. This is a modest style of hat and  
looks well with a fancy walking suit or tailor  
costume. Apropos of tailor costumes, there  
are many styles of headgear for the girl who  
affects this form of dress. Most popular  
among these are the fancy tuscan hats that may  
be had in a variety of shapes, the little tri-  
cornered "Continental" being very pretty.  
Then there are the Panama alpines and sail-  
ors that always give one a well-dressed air.

## The Woman's Department

OUR READERS will notice that, in the  
present issue, much more space than  
heretofore has been devoted to topics  
of interest to women. This policy will be con-  
tinued in the succeeding issues, and the Wom-  
an's Department of the paper will be broad-  
ened and strengthened until it will stand  
comparison with journals which are devoted  
exclusively to feminine interests.

This department of COLLIER'S WEEKLY  
will now contain not only special articles on  
timely topics of the day, but it will cover the  
whole field of fashion, manners, social aims,  
cookery, dress, art, fancy-work, and a hun-  
dred other subjects.

Special arrangements have been made with  
the leading importing houses of New York to  
secure photographs of their latest importations  
of millinery, gowns, wraps and lingerie before  
the designs are seen in the retail shops. These  
latest creations of fashion will thus be shown  
by photographs taken by our special artist  
and will represent the hat, coat or gown  
exactly as it is. Next week, for instance,  
the department will contain illustrations of  
the latest styles of shoes for summer wear—  
from photographs taken especially for COL-  
LIER'S WEEKLY.

Within a week or two we shall start a series  
of papers on Cookery that will be different  
from any similar articles ever published.  
There will also be a number of articles on  
gardening, both in town and country; house-  
hold suggestions; outdoor papers; plans for  
summer outings, ranging from one day to  
two weeks, with full particulars concerning  
prices and methods.

And all these subjects will be treated by  
experts—by the highest authorities obtain-  
able in every branch.

Our aim, as we have said, is to make the  
Woman's Department of COLLIER'S complete  
in every particular. We realize fully that this  
is not to be done in a few weeks. It  
will take time; and meanwhile we shall be  
happy to receive hints and suggestions from  
our readers. We are making the paper for  
them, and we shall be glad to learn what  
they want.

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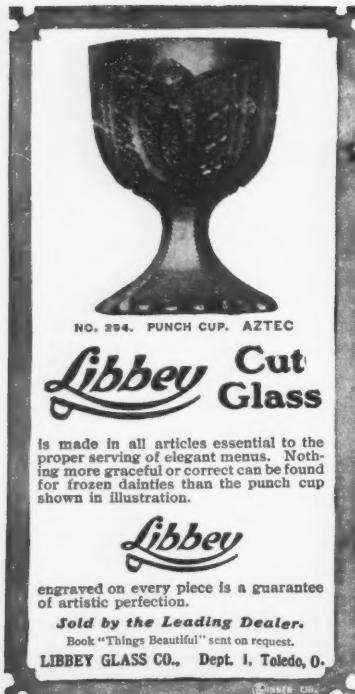
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THAT "comparisons are odious" is never better exemplified than in the continual stream of comparisons drawn between men's and women's organizations. This is said with a due regard for doing justice to and dealing righteously with the stronger sex as well as with the feminine. Constantly women's organizations are met with allegations as to their lack of order when in business session, their peculiarities of parliamentary procedure and their indulgence in unseemly recriminations. On the other hand, quasi-defenders of this sex reply that if women indulge in recrimination, men's organizations indulge in fisticuffs, and thereby these defenders seem to feel that the actions of the women are fully justified. For instance, not once nor a dozen times, but a hundred times since the late encounter upon the floor of the United States Senate between the gentlemen from South Carolina, women have hugged themselves and openly expressed their gratulation one to the other that they at least had never come to blows upon the floor of any convention in which they were assembled, and the fact that men had done so exalted the bitterness of feminine amenities into a halo of the sanctity of self-control.

It is this continual spirit of comparison and justification thereby which is, in the judgment of many clear-sighted women, a grave mistake. No wrong in their own organizations becomes a right because men drop into more grievous wrong; and from the men's standpoint it is to be said that when excited into a deplorable lack of self-control they at least have the excuse of being exercised over the greatest questions which can be submitted to the human mind for legislation. While believing thoroughly in the dignity and usefulness of women's organizations in the present day, it cannot truly be thought that they, as a rule, legislate upon questions which embrace principles affecting the government of the whole human race. Therefore their minds and souls should not be attuned to such a high pitch as to cause the strings to break in uncontrollable excitement if aught is done by one half of a woman's organization which does not entirely please the other half.



But the reverse application of this principle is not "a preachment" in the defence of men, strong and able, and by virtue of inheritance and practice long accustomed to public life and public debate, who permit themselves to be betrayed into the gravest exhibition of lack of self-control.

Reverting, therefore, to our first postulate, it is the constant comparison which is objectionable. The cases are not analogous. Women are young in public life, have scarcely yet acquired the habit of thought which would lead to perfection of parliamentary procedure, and while the questions upon which they act are of exceeding importance to their own minds and plans, they are not of such calibre as the questions presented to the Congress of the United States. But women are possessed of brains—we think the day has gone by when that is questioned—and presumably of the sweeter and tenderer virtues of humanity. Should not sweetness and tenderness combined with brains effect a result pleasurable to gaze upon by men and women alike? Such a result will certainly come in that "far off divine" day when all things good are possible, if women live up to their highest privileges as well as their highest rights. Surely it is best for them and for the world that they should stand upon the record of their own abilities, their own proper exercise of them, their own unselfish regard for the comfort and dignity of their fellow-women and their own broad-minded respect for the opinions of others. If occasionally there is a lapse from this high standard—and such lapse is usually conspicuous because of its rarity—the situation should be frankly deplored, repented of and a new impetus given for better things. There should be no effort to condone it by contrasting it with the same unfortunate state of mind and action in a man as manifested by that man's superior physical strength.

Indeed, the whole question would seem to resolve itself into that verity of nature from which there is no escape—that men and women are human beings created for co-ordinate work and not that which antipathetically contrasts.

## The Bachelor Girls' Home

By Kate Masterson.

AT LAST the Bachelor Girl is to have a legitimate roof over her head. For years the Woman's Hotel has been talked of and looked forward to with eagerness by the scores of women students and women workers in the various professions, women whose means and whose earnings have been sufficient to provide them with comfortable homes—which, however, have never been procurable.

There has always been the choice between comfortless boarding-house existence, expensive and unhomelike life in the hotels or else the dubious position of the young woman housekeeping alone. Never has there appeared the joyful news of a small and comfortably arranged apartment-house for women similar to the hundreds that are erected with a special view to the needs of the bachelor man.

Many of the homeless bachelor girls are students and wage earners who have come on to the cities from comfortable homes in distant towns in pursuit of fame or the still more elusive dollar. The first need that confronts them is a temporary abiding-place, and they have all the artist's horror of the boarding-place with its general dinner-table, its menus peculiar to the days of the week and its barren drawing-room.

So the result is that they are quite apt to drift into the studio buildings or else they take up housekeeping in co-operative flats with other women workers like themselves. But with it all the Bachelor Girl has always been more or less of a pariah on the face of the earth. She has freedom, it is true, in the studio buildings, but she has often no bath and has to depend on her chafing-dish and her alcohol kettle for her dinner.

On the other hand, the co-operative flat, which is delightful to read about, is not always so perfect a home as might be imagined. Here the domestic problem confronts, oftentimes, inexperienced girls: there is the question of a servant to cope with or else a comfortless existence on the sketchy plan, that seems charming when one sees it illustrated in a magazine but which grows very tiresome in reality.

Thus the Bachelor Girl's home has always been more or less of a makeshift. She has chosen the dreary studios as a dwelling in preference to other homes, although she has had no heat and no water to balance the over-supply of light glaring in through the great sky-windows that she vainly tried to screen off with palms and nets and the inevitable Japanese umbrella of the studio.

When the Bachelor Girl has defied the properties and set up her home in an apartment-house without a chaperone she has at once become an object of more or less surmise to the other tenants with families in evidence, to the corner grocer and, above all, to the janitor. The janitor never quite believes in her, although she may reside under the same roof uneventfully for years, and he ferrets through the kitchen waste in the hope of discovering some guilty secret. Even an empty sardine box looks suspicious to him, if it comes from the flat of the Bachelor Girl.

Despite this attitude of the janitor of the family apartment-house toward the Bachelor Girl she nevertheless calls upon him in all emergencies as though he were a knight of old. He may bully her outrageously, but should a mouse appear upon the scene, when the gas leaks and the water freezes, then does

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the Bachelor Girl, horribly conscious of her sex weakness, call upon the janitor, and he appears, when he gets ready, joying mutely in the glory of his masculinity, which in times like these levels all ranks and makes his service a royal guerdon that a quarter of a dollar is a poor return for.

So the Bachelor Girl has continued to survive without any exact recognition of her place in the social scheme. She has looked enviously on the palaces that have been built to accommodate her male prototype, and has wondered why she, too, could not be provided with similar convenience and provision for her comforts and her fads.

Then she has gone home to her cheerless room to dine from hard-boiled eggs or some such picnic morsel, for the Woman Alone must needs be also Unafraid to a daring degree to venture into most of the big hotels for dinner after six o'clock without a male escort. Here again she can only fret and worry over the problem without avail.

Bachelor apartment-houses have arisen in such numbers to accommodate the male variety that it would seem as though a reward attached to a man's remaining in the state of celibacy. Each one of these establishments is more luxurious and complete than the last. Chefs cater to the wants of the tenants at most unholly hours without a murmur, bell-boys run to and fro at all hours of the night, and so closely are the wants of the bachelor considered that at most of these establishments he gets specially low rates for cabs and other luxuries. Rumors of the Woman's Hotel were heard

now and then, but they always seemed too beautiful to be true. There were stories of Oriental palm-rooms, of marble baths, of roof-gardens and cellar gymnasiums and filtered swimming tanks. But for years nothing seemed to point to an actual realization of the plan, and the failure of the old and mismanaged Woman's Hotel, that afterward became the fated Park Avenue, seemed to deter people from believing that a woman's hotel could be ever made a success.

Now, however, the dream is to come true, it seems, and rooms are already being booked in the new Martha Washington Hotel, exclusively for women. There are suites for the wealthy Girl Bachelor and smaller rooms for her of more moderate means. She will not be debarred the presence of her cat, her dog, her sewing machine, her piano or her beau as in the case of the old "Home," where rules so hedged about the establishment that it was more like an institution than a hotel.

Hundreds of women are waiting eagerly for the first view of the cosey rooms furnished artistically and in a homelike contradiction of the usual cold and cheerless hotel plan. While the management of the new venture evidences a desire to shrink from the giving of particulars as to rates, cuisine, service, etc., apparently believing that too much publicity may fail to serve the aims of the new house, the Bachelor Girl is rejoicing over her afternoon tea, for at last she has won consideration as a bill-paying individual whose wants are worth catering to as well as her brothers'.



Mrs. C. Zabriske  
President N. Y. State Federation of Women's Clubs

## The General Federation of Women's Clubs at Los Angeles



Mrs. F. H. Gaffney  
President National Council of Women

NEVER in its history has this old Spanish town felt so important. To her has been given the honor of playing hostess to the thousand and odd delegates sent to the sixth biennial of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

From all quarters of the Union these delegates have been arriving for the past week and on Thursday the 1st of May the convention was opened with great enthusiasm. The delegates are filled with the importance of their mission. Weighty subjects are to be discussed and, if possible, decided. The three principal topics will be: The election of a new president; the question of reorganization; the color line.

Mrs. Rebecca D. Lowe, who has been president of the General Federation for two consecutive terms of two years each, will preside at the biennial, but not being eligible to the office again, according to the federation law, that no president shall hold office more than two terms, will resign the reins of government to her successor (who will be chosen during the session) on the closing day.

At present there are four candidates for the office of president. Mrs. Denison of New York (the present first vice-president) and Mrs. Decker of Colorado are in the lead; Mrs. Niles of Illinois and Mrs. Burdette of California hold second place. It is generally believed that if Mrs. Denison will take the office there is little doubt she can have it.

The sixth biennial is by far the largest gathering of club women since the club movement started. In 1896, high-water mark was supposed to have been reached at Denver, when one thousand delegates answered the roll-call. There was a perceptible falling off at Milwaukee in 1900, but the present assembly outnumbers any previous convention. The three questions to be decided upon have perhaps urged the clubs on to a fuller representation, as most of the clubs feel that the one mooted question of the "color line" should be settled finally and for ever afterward laid upon the shelf.

There are others who counsel delay, and urge that the whole question lie over for another two years. It is likely, however, that the majority will regard this as needless temporizing and will press the issue for two reasons:

First—The New Era Reading Club, that has caused all the commotion, has a right to know definitely and finally whether the General Federation of Women's Clubs will or will not receive them into membership.

Second—The clubs and State federations

of the South have a right to know, definitely and finally, whether the General Federation of Women's Clubs is to continue to be the white federation into which they were invited and into which they came ten years ago.

The general feeling among club women is that this "color line" question is more or less of a tempest in a teapot, and everybody concerned is heartily sick of the whole matter. They all feel that it has got to be decided; for it has passed out of the realm of one colored woman's club, and away from a Georgia plan, or a Massachusetts plan, into a question of a great policy. This the Federation must decide for itself in open convention.

What will probably happen in Los Angeles is that the compromise resolution will be accepted by the convention itself. This will leave the question in the hands of each State to settle. Any State federation could receive the membership, if it so decided, of colored women, all State federated clubs to be eligible to the General Federation, if recommended to its executive board by the executive board of the State federation, the power of admission to remain as given in Article II. of the by-laws.

The educational work done by club women has been recognized as a necessary co-operative force in every phase of educational advancement. President William R. Harper of the Chicago University, who with others is organizing the work of popular university lectures on subjects of an artistic, scientific and literary character, has asked the co-operation and assistance in an advisory capacity of a committee from the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

Among the speakers on industrial lines will be: George Gunton of the People's Institute, New York, and Jane Addams of Hull House, Boston. "Industrial Problems as They Affect Women and Children" will be the subject of a symposium.

The building of club-houses, their proper construction, the ways and means by which many have been acquired, and their usefulness in general to women will be the subject of one entire session of the biennial.

As the business of the convention requires so much time, the social side of the biennial will necessarily be limited as to distinctive entertainments. The floral fête arranged for the president will be reproduced in compliment to the distinguished guests at the biennial, and strangers will be given an opportunity to see many of the beautiful and picturesque sites in the environment of Los Angeles.

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Mrs. W. T. Helmuth

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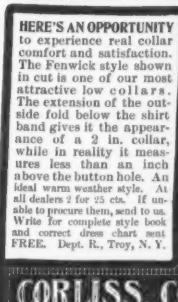
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# Free Pass

## The Passing of a Celebrated Novelist

By GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON

IT WAS my good fortune to know Frank R. Stockton for nearly a third of a century, and I bear willing witness that I never knew a man more lovable. He loved his kind and was always gently affectionate with them. He had no enemies, of course. Only a monster could have felt enmity to so gentle, so just, so kindly a man. But better still, he had a host of friends, precisely equaling in number all those who were privileged to know him in any degree.

Whenever there was a reasonable hope of his presence at an Authors Club reception there was sure to be a full attendance both of members and of guests.

Yet Mr. Stockton never posed as a celebrity, nor indeed do I think he ever even secretly regarded himself as such. In all the third of a century during which I was his intimate I never once caught from his lips the slightest suggestion of self-valuation.

His dominant characteristic was absolute sincerity of mind. It shines forth in every sentence that he ever wrote. That very simplicity and directness of style which all his readers have noted and commented upon was an unconscious manifestation of this habit of honesty in his mind.

One day a friend very dear to him sent him an advance copy of a new book, with a request that he would write something about it which the publishers might helpfully quote. Stockton read the work and then wrote: "I do not like your book. Of course, your publishers do not want me to say that, so I will say nothing. I like you and I sincerely wish I might truthfully say something to help your book

to success. But I can't do so with truthfulness, and of course you do not expect me to tell lies even in behalf of a friend."

The author to whom that was written showed it to me with a joy that no words of praise from Stockton could have given him. "I shall keep that letter," he said, "and transmit it to my children as a manifestation of the character of Frank Stockton."

But no reader should interpret this as meaning that Mr. Stockton was lacking in courtesy or kindness or in a disposition to help his fellow authors to all the success they deserved. It was only that he was an absolutely honest and truthful man who would not tell even a polite lie to please his friend. He was always kindly and helpful, and he had no "fads" or fancies to disturb his judgment.

The last time I held converse with him was only a week or two ago. He was living for a time at the Hotel Grenoble, and he had crossed the street to talk with me here in the Authors Club. We talked of many things, among them his latest work, "Kate Bonnet," which I had reviewed in a newspaper.

"I'm not going to thank you," he said, "for the good things you said about the book, for that would imply that you had said them only to please me and not because you really thought what you said; but I do thank you for one thing. You explained that this Bonnet story is not fiction in its major part, but

simple history. The performances of Stede Bonnet were so grotesque that nine readers in every ten take my account of them as a humorous fancy. You see, whenever I write seriously I am mistaken. Everybody thinks that my facts are fiction and so the facts lose their value. 'Kate Bonnet' is generally supposed to be a humorous invention precisely like 'Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine.' Somehow my readers don't seem to understand that I am sometimes serious, or that I never take liberties with the facts of history."

This suggestion reminded me that in those old days when Mr. Stockton was my associate in editing "Hearth and Home" he invented or created a Marcus Aurelius of his own, in the person of an imaginary office boy. Every week he would fill a column or two with a grotesque account of the doings and sayings of this fictitious Marcus Aurelius. At last the worm turned. Our actual office boy, a youth of unusual seriousness, requested him to stop the Marcus Aurelius humor.

"So you have taken it seriously?" asked Mr. Stockton.

"Well, you see, all my friends laugh at me about it, and it hurts," answered the office boy.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Stockton. "You are a good, honest and faithful office boy. I had no thought of hurting your feelings and I shall write no more about Marcus Aurelius."

Here was an indication of the rare character of the man. His respect for the feelings of others was profound. His tenderness toward them was a most lovable characteristic of the man. It ran through all his conduct. He never willingly hurt the feelings of any human being, for the reason that his soul was filled with an abounding charity and love for all his fellow men.

He wrote a novel once called "The Hundredth Man"—with reference to the familiar phrase, "Ninety-nine men in a hundred" would do this or that. The story was in no remotest way autobiographical; yet those of us who knew him intimately were of one mind in thinking that Mr. Stockton was himself a hundredth man—at least in this degree, that he never did or said the hurtful thing that the other ninety and nine would have done or said.

In his manner Mr. Stockton was always profoundly serious. Even when propounding those delicious paradoxes in which his humor delighted there was never in his tone or manner the slightest suggestion that he perceived the humorous grotesqueness of his own fancies.

His literary style was simple in an extreme degree. He wrote precisely as he talked. The sentence that one would naturally use in familiar speech was the sentence that he used in writing. He had no affectations, no pretences, no shams or falsities of any kind. He looked at life with open and very compassionate eyes. In his love for his fellow men he was fit fellow of Abou Ben Adhem. I sincerely think that God never created a better man than Francis Richard Stockton.

EDITOR'S NOTE—"Kate Bonnet," Mr. Stockton's last completed novel, was first published serially in Collier's Weekly during the latter months of 1901. At the time of his death Mr. Stockton was engaged in the preparation of a short story for the Weekly. We trust that this story, even though uncompleted, will be found in shape to present to our readers—as the final work of a talented writer, to whose pen the public owes so much, and whose labors have left the world brighter and more cheerful than it was before his life-work began.

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to raise  
New temples on the ruins of the past,  
From whose pure altars hope, new-born at last,  
Shall drive the shadows of their sunless days.

Give them the peace that follows vanquished  
grief,  
The joy that springs from trials nobly borne,  
And vigor of the soul to hold belief  
In Thy just laws. And when, with anguish  
torn,  
They find in human aid a vain relief,  
Show them the Light that shines for all who  
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## Installation of President Butler

(SEE FRONT AND DOUBLE PAGE)

THERE was a hearty fellowship of quiet dignity and playful enthusiasm in the brilliant doings of April 19, when Nicholas Murray Butler was installed as president of Columbia University. The lookers-on were few in number; they made only a thin wall along the short line of march. But the persons to be looked at—the notabilities who had come to pay tribute to Columbia—were numerous indeed.

Never before, perhaps, did so few ordinary people have a chance to feast their eyes at close range upon such a large collection of famous men. They poured by in a steady stream, moving slowly down the broad stone stairway of the Library and across the campus to the Gymnasium, where was enacted the historic scene of placing the keys of the university in the hands of the new president.

In the column was President Roosevelt preceded by the Governor of New York State; ambassadors, bishops, military chieftains, princes of learning from universities at home and over seas, the Mayor of the metropolis, who retired from the presidency of Columbia to direct the reforming of New York; poets, orators, and scores of famous men who, in one field or another, have made their names familiar to the world's ear. Most of them were arrayed in academic costume, which ran the scale of color from crow-black to brightest azure and on to richest scarlet.

The procession moved at the appointed hour, and its hectors were greeted merrily by the little crowd. The vanguard was composed of Squadron A, gorgeously uniformed cavalymen on foot, and they tried hard to keep straight faces as the students marked time for them with a cheerful "Right, left; right, left." Next were the undergraduates and graduates of the university and Barnard girls in mortar-board and gown, marching in a column of twos, and the lesser representatives of other universities and colleges.

After that it was a succession of celebrities. If you did not know it before you would be sure of it then by the way the students barked their names, preceded by a salute of "C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a-s!" But there were plenty of celebrities who needed no barking, though they got it in unstinted measure. President Roosevelt lifted his hat and smiled generously, but looked doubtful when a small voice proposed "Six Columbias for Teddy!" They were not given just then.

At that moment some one recognized Edmund Clarence Stedman, the poet, and he got "Six Columbias" straightway. And so it was with many of the bishops, ambassadors and princes of erudition whom anybody had the courage to name. It was the greatest day that Columbia has ever known.

It was an event above all others in her history to mark the university as one holding a first place among the world's great seats of learning.

## A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR



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## AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY—I

WHY THE CAMERA IS THE SOURCE OF A GREAT DEAL OF PLEASURE AND PROFIT—POINTS OF VALUE FROM A JOURNALISTIC PHOTOGRAPHER TO THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER AND "CAMERA FIENDS" IN GENERAL—THE FIRST ARTICLE OF A SERIES IN WHICH A PRACTICAL PHOTOGRAPHER WILL TELL AMATEURS ALL ABOUT THE ART OF "TAKING PICTURES"

By EDWARD A. ROTH

WHY DO men and women want to be photographers? As well ask why a child scrawls weird marks all over a slate and then calls attention to the picture of a "cat." Picture-making isn't a fad. It is older than history. Tribes long extinct made pictures their written language. Is it then astonishing that a passion for "taking pictures" should show itself in a generation descended down the ages from races that wrote in hieroglyphics?

## SIGNS OF THE "CAMERA HABIT"

The manner of the bursting of the chrysalis is one of the most interesting phases of the amateur. All around him he sees men carrying the queer little black boxes, some burdening themselves like army burros with prodigious "packs" of camera, tripod, plateholders and what not. On these latter he casts, mayhap, a pitying eye, little dreaming that when the wee drop of the blood of his way-back ancestry begins to stir under the influence of the bacilli, he will be trucking a similar cargo, possibly during most of his waking moments.

It is not extravagant to say that half a million pictures were taken at the last series of America's Cup races. Neither is it beyond or without reason that half that number did not stay "taken," and figured as wasted films and plates—charitably called by professionals who develop for amateurs "failures."

At all events, the victim becomes inoculated and looks with awakening interest at, say, half a dozen black-hooded boxes on emaciated spindles, aimed at an old cannon on the Fort Hamilton green, or at the long-suffering Grant Monument in Riverside Drive. "These chaps are getting some fun out of it, at least," he reasons.

## THE LANGUAGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY

Then he hears them talking, after their plates have all been exposed, about things new and strange to his ears. For photography has its patois no less than golf, and he blushes at his own ignorance when he can't enter into a discussion as to the relative merits of "pyro" and "hydrokinone-metol" as a developing agent, or "chloroplatinate of potassium" as a means of securing better tone in a "print." Indeed, chemicals are discussed that often are unknown even to the pharmacist.

About this time the symptoms become more manifest and show-windows wherein are displayed cameras and photo supplies have more than a passing interest. The inoculation is "taking" and the "press the button" legend is luring a new fly dangerously near the widespread, glittering web of amateur photography. On the brink he hovers, hesitatingly, then plunges in, emerging shortly with an armful of catalogues and handbooks, all telling how easy it is to become an expert photographer. Some of these make plain the whole process in a hundred words or more; and, when he has read them, it is singular how much less he knows of photography than he did before he read anything about it.

"Press the button," however, rings incessantly in his ear like the "Punch, brothers punch," jingle and he simply can't stop. He enlists in the vast army of button-pressers and buys a camera. But he doesn't realize what it means to be a raw recruit when he first takes his place on the "firing line."

## "LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE"

The budding amateur of a few years ago practiced on his friends. He told them what fine pictures he believed he would make of them, he urged them, he "jollied" them, he implored them, he bored them into posing, while he hid his head under the focusing cloth and wondered why in thunder the picture was upside down and whether the colors on the ground glass would be in the photograph. Then he said, with professional gravity and dignity, albeit with a quaking heart and tremulous nerves, "Look pleasant, please," and pressed the button or squeezed the bulb. Whether he got a picture or not is another matter. He got it if he hadn't forgotten to open the shutter or set it for the "snap," or if he had removed the slide from the plateholder and allowed the plate to be exposed.

If he did get it, more often than not his

sitters wished he hadn't. Feet larger than the trunk of the body, with a head a mile or a league in the background and as small as a shrunken pea, are not flattering to the "sitter" who gracefully and nonchalantly has reclined in artistic pose at the behest of the pose-master.

The fact is, aside from his inexperience, the amateur who thus fails usually lacks the correct apparatus for portrait taking. In a sense this is to his credit; for when he decided to become a photographer he listened to the voice of caution and didn't buy paraphernalia enough for the delicately elaborate operation of photographing a transit of Venus. He fitted himself out on the presumption that he would only do the button-pressing or the bulb-squeezing and possess his soul in patience until the result should emerge from the dark room of the professional who makes "a specialty of amateurs' development," as one shingle quaintly, yet very significantly, puts it.

## THE OUTFIT

His outfit, therefore, consists merely of a camera, packed conveniently in a case with the focusing cloth and three plateholders, and a collapsing tripod, generally so spindle-shanked and frail that pictures made in a high wind have a tremulous ghostliness about the edges of the figures, due to the lack of a solid rest or pedestal during the exposure, however brief.

Oftentimes, at least until a kindly adviser tells him what's wrong, he will essay an exposure of, say, half a second, without a tripod, with misplaced confidence in his own remarkably firm and steady wrist. He learns, after a while, that the man does not live who can hold a camera steady for even that brief space of time, and to realize the difference between an "instantaneous" hundredth of a second, or less, and a twenty-fifth, which really classes as a "time" exposure.

When he doesn't under-expose or over-expose his plate it's a toss-up that the victim of incipient cameritis will neglect to expose it at all or expose it twice upon different objects. This latter error generally is the outcome of negligence due to a nervous haste and lack of deliberation which make him forget to turn the dark side of the slide-handle outward when he replaces it. He fails to keep track of the location of the exposed plates and actually takes two pictures on one plate.

They will both show, the first being a sort of "ghost" negative, having been rendered a trifle indistinct by the admission of light the second time and while the object was no longer in view of the lens. Here is a lesson that, learned early in the career of the amateur, will save much sorrow and gnashing of teeth and perhaps preserve a real genius to the world of photographic art: The shutter will do all the speeding. Deliberation in focusing, preparation for the exposure and closing the holder are just as essential in an instantaneous exposure as in one of an hour.

## A LUDICROUS EFFECT

One of the most ludicrous effects of a double exposure was made when a plate was developed after a famous United States Senator had sat twice for an amateur. He had been taken in two positions: seated at his desk, and afterward standing at the same desk. The two exposures on one plate made him an odd dwarf, with his own wraith, more or less menacing, hovering and towering over him.

The inclination to "take" everything in sight dies hard, but has one merit. It teaches the amateur that everything doesn't make a picture.

If they could all be reproduced, the "failures" that spring into evidence under the ruby glimmer of the developer's dark-room would be a most interesting collection.

Above all things else, the relations of light—its direction, its strength, its diffusion to time of exposure—are the essential of photographic art. And it can't be taught by books or "exposure tables." The amateur soon will be graduated to a point where instinct dominates and an exposure is timed exactly without the expenditure of consideration. He must "know" without being able to analyze the knowledge.



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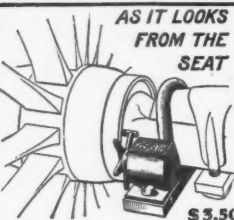
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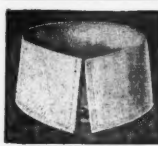


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Open Tournament of Lakewood Golf Club—Mr. Douglas and Mr. Travis driving from the fourth and eleventh tees respectively

## Sports of the Amateur

Edited by WALTER CAMP

### LAKEWOOD GOLF

No man in American golf has ever shown the consistency exhibited by the present champion, Mr. W. J. Travis. He is practically always on his game, and, given a sufficient number of holes to go over, he is pretty sure to come to the top. This was once more demonstrated in the qualifying round at Lakewood tournament in which he made the lowest total score, going out in 43, coming in in 40; going out again in 38 and coming in in 37. Findlay Douglas was next to him with 162, making his final round coming in in 35. C. B. Macdonald was third with 166, a score which R. D. Lapham also equalled. C. L. Tappin of Westbrook came next with a rather irregular score, going out in 49 the first time and 47 the second, but coming in in 36 and 37 respectively.

The open tournament of the Lakewood Golf Club furnished the first opportunity of once more comparing the games of the present and former champions. Travis, Douglas and Macdonald were among the entries. Travis and Douglas steadily worked their way up into the semi-finals. W. C. Chick, of the Oakley Country Club, and Lapham, the young Harvard player, both showed good golf, the latter giving Douglas a close rub on Friday, April 18, the veteran winning by only 1 up in the eighteen holes.

The semi-finals brought together Douglas and Macdonald, Travis and Chick. The former match was the closer and more interesting.

When Travis and Douglas started off for the finals there were many who hoped that the former champion would be able to hold the man who has so determinedly worked his way up. Douglas is far the more brilliant player for galleries to follow. He dashes at obstacles, is ever ready to try the risky shot, and that is always the popular style. There was a time when Douglas could take chances and still defeat Travis. But the latter has now made it impossible for any man to beat him who does not take everlasting pains. Furthermore, his game is now superior to that of any of the amateurs and most of the professionals. Travis went right out at his man and took the first hole in a capital 4. Douglas retaliated by taking the second in 4 to Travis's 5. But from that point on Travis steadily cut his man down, playing well inside him, and at the ninth hole held the very useful lead of 4 up, and any man, amateur or professional, who begins his homeward journey 4 down to Travis will never beat him, no matter how brilliant a game he may play. On the twelfth Travis added another to his lead, and, halving the thirteenth and fourteenth, won out 5 up and 4 to go.

Horstman of the Columbia Golf Club, Washington, D. C., won the cup for his second sixteen by defeating Fownes of Pittsburg in a hard match of twenty holes, and this, too, after a heart-breaking struggle with Tappan of Nassau, which ran to the twenty-first hole. Freeman of Fairfield won the prize for the third sixteen, beating Maxwell of Nassau 2 up and 1 to go. Sydam of Lakewood won the handicap with a gross of 90, which, with his handicap of 14, gave him a net total of 76—too good going for any scratch man to meet, Travis's 80 being eighth on the list. C. L. Tappin turned in a good 87, and, with his handicap of 8, took fourth place. Fownes and McClure tied with 78 net, the former getting a gross of 88 and the latter 90.

Rowing interests are becoming complicated at Cornell. There is a race to be rowed with Harvard at Lake Cayuga the end of May, and a race to row in the east with Pennsylvania and Columbia. Many attempts have been made to get around the difficulty by getting Columbia and Pennsylvania to come out to Ithaca and row in the race with Harvard there, but there seems to be difficulty in getting the assent of the Pennsylvania management to this plan.



The change in the position of Cornell's Rowing Committee, after a conference with Coach Courtney will probably result in Cornell having representative crews on Decoration Day both on the Schuylkill competing with Columbia and Pennsylvania's second eights, and on Lake Cayuga to row against Harvard and Newell crews. The reconsideration is said to have been brought about by reason of an ultimatum from Columbia and Pennsylvania that neither would come to Ithaca on that day. Meantime, Courtney is shaking up his crews by repeated and wholesale transfers and is making it evident that no man will hold a position who does not work for it.

### MARATHON RACE

S. A. Mellor, Jr., of the Hollywood Inn A. C. of Yonkers, won the sixth annual Boston Marathon race, covering the twenty-five-mile course in 2 hours 43 minutes 15½ seconds. Kennedy of Boston and Lorden of Cambridge were respectively second and third. Something over two minutes separated Mellor and Kennedy. Forty-two men faced the starter.



### PRELIMINARY TRACK GAMES

Harvard's track games gave very little measure of the quality of the team that will meet Yale and will go into the intercollegiate a little later. The veterans did as little work as possible, and it was only where the finish was forced that they let themselves out. Tingley, a freshman, put the shot 42 feet 4½ inches and is likely to push that mark still further. Schick, who is going to be Harvard's best sprinter, covered the 100 in 10 seconds and the 220 in 21½ seconds. Captain Willis took both the hurdles easily, making the finals in 16½ and 25½. Colwell, a man who is in his first year in a graduate school, coming from some Western university, made an easy thing of it in the two-mile and looked as though he had plenty more in him if it had been needed. On the whole, the games show that Trainer Graham has a good handful of men and is bringing them along with excellent judgment.

At the Princeton games the most interesting and closely contested event was the two-mile run, which brought out Bowen of Pennsylvania, running from scratch, and Williams of Princeton, with 30 yards start. These two broke away from their field and fought it out together. The handicap man held his lead over the Pennsylvanian until the last lap and they came into the stretch together. After a desperate finish, in which the struggle was of the hottest kind, the Pennsylvanian got home first by inches. Duffy of Georgetown failed to qualify for the 100, much to the disappointment of the crowd.

The Columbia games at South Field brought out some good contests, Brenneman getting the lion's share of the honors by winning the 100 in 10½ seconds and the broad jump with 20 feet 10½ inches. In the latter event he defeated Kennedy, who did so well last year in the intercollegiate and who was expected to take this event. Smith, the football half-back, made an astonishingly good hammer-thrower, getting the missile over 121 feet 3 inches and winning by nearly 7 feet over Duden. Marshall captured the half-mile with 2 minutes 4 seconds—very good work considering the condition of the track.

At New Haven, Moulton was the star in the sprints, taking the 100 in even time, 10 seconds, and the 220 in 21½ seconds. The quarter went to Long in 51½ seconds, Denning getting the half-mile in 2 minutes 34 seconds. The hurdles, in the absence of Clapp, were slow and uninteresting. Fallows showed promise in the broad jump, as did also Bodman, the two tying at 22 feet 1 inch. Preston got over 10 feet 7 inches in the pole vault, and Glass, who will not be eligible till next year, took both the weight events.

The Yale candidates for the track team have been exciting comment by not performing as much work as was considered necessary by the management, and especially by Trainer Murphy. The veterans, most of whom were kept out of the meeting to let the novices have their chance, are Spraker in the jumps, Clapp and Thomas in the hurdles, Hargrave in the sprints, Pease in the pole vault, Beck in the shot, Franchot, Weston, Waldron and Teel in the distance.

Fallows and Bodman are new men who are being worked hard in the broad jump and who showed their quality; Fulton and Hinkel of last year's squad are also improving in their work for this event. Viator, who was doing very well, has been forced to drop out on account of trouble with his eyes, but may get back into work again. C. B. Long of Lancaster, Pa., is another freshman who has been running very well in the quarter and who came to the front as above indicated.

### CORNELL vs. ANNAPOLIS

The entrance into the baseball arena of Uncle Sam's pupils, both at West Point and Annapolis, while not dating from this year, is for the first time finding general interest throughout the country. The contest with the Cornell nine at Annapolis proved that while the Ithacans won and batted harder, the Navy was extremely active and had the making of a good nine. They were rather weak in the infield, short and first base, between them piling up some six errors. Third base was well covered by Ryden.

Cornell played a steady game, every man batting well all

the way down the list, and only two of them failing to get hits. Chase pitched a good game, as did also Henderson, the two being Cornell's most promising candidates for this year. The game lasted only six innings, Cornell winning out by getting four runs in the sixth, leaving the score 10 to 6.

### COLUMBIA BASEBALL

The Columbia nine was tried out by Brooklyn on one of the chilliest of the April days, and managed to score 1 run, while the professionals piled up 10. But the exhibition was by no means disappointing to Columbia's sympathizers. Goodman caught a most excellent game until he split his finger in the fifth inning, and the students got five hits off Kitson in the first four innings. Columbia played a fair fielding game, considering the conditions; but the professionals were errorless. Grant and Tyler did some very good pitching for Columbia, and the nine promises to prove worthy of the new spirit in Columbia's athletics.

### HARVARD BALL NINE ON EASTER TRIP

Harvard had quite a struggle with the University of Virginia ball nine on the occasion of the first game of their trip. Stillman kept the Virginia men down to a single hit for the first four innings, during which time the Crimson men batted Carter freely, so that in the fourth inning the score stood Harvard 8 and Virginia 1. In the next inning Stillman fell off and Virginia scored two runs. Then Stillman was replaced by Clarkson. This young man was extremely wild, giving three bases on balls, and, to cap the climax, Carter of Virginia cracked out a home run, which gave the Virginians four runs, making the score 7 to 9—still in Harvard's favor, however. In the eighth Harvard added two more runs and in the ninth Virginia added one, so that the final score was 11 to 8 in favor of the Boston boys.

Harvard's fielding was good, Wendell at first and Skelton at third getting the only errors credited to the nine. The batting was also good, Clarkson knocking out three hits himself.

Harvard won her other games on the Easter trip, defeating the "Middies" and batting exceptionally well against West Point, where they made fourteen hits and won by a score of 14 to 4. The error column showed not such a good and encouraging symptom, however, six being debited against them.

### AMHERST PLAYS GOOD BALL

One of the most exciting ball games which has been played thus far this year occurred at the Yale field upon the meeting of the Yale and Amherst nines.

Neither side put in, as it proved, its best pitcher at the beginning of the game. At the end of the third inning the score stood 3 to 3, and Amherst put in Kane, their left-handed wonder, while Yale shortly after put in Garvan, their best man. From that time on no runs were made, although the game was continued almost to darkness and through twelve innings. After the first transfer of pitchers Yale was quite unable to find Kane, and in fact did not, even at the end, show any kind of certainty in getting the bat on the ball. Amherst, on the other hand, although not securing hits, was, when Garvan first went in, hitting the ball squarely and apparently having less trouble with his delivery than Yale was finding in Kane's. As the game went on, however, Garvan seemed to control his batsman with more certainty, while toward the end the Yale nine was not striking out so much on Kane. Neither side, however, could get in the necessary hits and the game finally ended in darkness with a most desperate attempt on the part of Yale to score. Amherst had been shut out in her eleventh and twelfth, and Yale came in determined to get a man across the plate. The first man struck out, then the Yale captain, Guernsey, got his base on an error. He stole second, and went from second to third on a foul fly; but, as the man at the bat struck twice vainly at the ball, it looked as though Guernsey would be left. Creeping up along the base line in the darkness, he suddenly made a dash for the plate just as the pitcher was delivering the ball, and had the batsman not hit the ball he would undoubtedly have scored and won the game, for he was so near the plate that he would have crossed it before the catcher could touch him with the ball, and in fact he was almost struck by the bat as the batsman swung it. The Yale man at the bat hit the ball along first base line and was put out at first, thus leaving the score a tie, as it was too dark to play further.

Amherst followed this up by good work against Princeton, but was defeated in that match by a score of 3 to 0. If the Massachusetts nine hold together well they should make it very interesting for some of their rivals.

WALTER CAMP.



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## AMERICAN AND ENGLISH WOMEN'S GOLF

BY  
LILLIAN BROOKS



WITH THE pleasant announcement that the Women's Championship will be played over the links of the Country Club, Brookline, Mass., comes the inevitable question, Will there be such another overturning of great reputations this year as last? Surprise held us spellbound when in looking over the qualifying sixteen we noted the absence of Frances Griscom, Mrs. Caleb Fox, Eunice Terry, and other equally shining lights.

It is not to be expected that one person, season after season, can hope to hold the same even excellence in golf. Conditions change, new strong players arise, and courses grow more difficult. But a complete fall from grace is a mystery that few if any can satisfactorily explain. That such really tried and excellent players as Miss Griscom and Miss Terry should have been so set back by misfortune suggests the possibility that American women may not have attained, as yet, the stability and even strength of their English cousins.

In the first place, Englishwomen start with a great advantage. They have, comparatively speaking, no nerves. Few of them live the rushing, breathless, exciting life which is almost universal among well-to-do women in our own country. They are more phlegmatic, physically stronger, and—shall we admit it?—more tenacious of purpose.

In England, as here, the golfers are divided into the same three classes: the skilful player, the mug-hunter, the faddist. The scratch player suffers there, as here, in silence, while the mug-hunter wails over her bad luck and clamors for more handicap. There, as here, she silently endures, while the faddist laughs as she is about to drive, chatters all through the running green, and pulls out her handkerchief at the moment of a critical putt. But the Englishwoman, being by nature less nervous, is less afflicted by these outward manifestations of imbecility. She accepts them all as necessary evils and removes herself so far as possible from their contact.

The English and American Championships differ considerably. Ours are social events. Heralded by the press for weeks in advance, accompanied by an army of reporters and another army of photographers, brass bands, small talk and relatives, is it any wonder that the net results are more often than not an uncertain eye, racked nerves and blasted hopes?

The results of the first English and American Championships were curiously alike. Barring the first event held at Shinnecock Hills, which was almost wholly local in character, and was won by Mrs. Charles Brown, three open events in succession were won by the same contestants. In England, Lady Margaret Hamilton Russell, better known as Lady Margaret Scott, won the open championship three times running, and that without really serious opposition. In America, Miss Beatrix Hoyt scored the same unusual achievement. In both cases the game was learned in early youth. As a child, Lady Margaret Scott played earnestly and enthusiastically over the really fine nine holes on her father's estate. Beatrix Hoyt, in short skirts and with hair flying, covered the long distances at Shinnecock Hills in a steadily decreasing number of strokes, and for years stood in a class alone. Lady Margaret Hamilton Russell rested on her thrice-won laurels, and never encountered Miss Pascoe, Miss Orr, Miss Thompson, or the still later lights. Miss Hoyt defended her title until some one grew strong enough or "nervy" enough to defeat her. To Mrs. Caleb Fox fell this first extraordinary distinction.

The best types of both nationalities are alike in their desire for long courses. We agree most heartily with the Englishwoman who characteristically remarked, "Give a girl something to carry and she will learn to swipe."

Our transatlantic cousins had a whole long line of tradition and prejudice to overcome in their fight for long courses and real hazards. To the British masculine mind petticoats and golf clubs did not harmonize. By patience, by courtesy, and, last but not least, by remarkably good golf, they convinced their lords and masters that they would, could and should be permitted to play over the men's course and from the men's tees. We, on the other hand, stepped into our privileges without difficulty. The majority of American men, hat in hand, not only let us play from their tees, but made our tees, taught us with patience, encouraged our good strokes, forgot our bad ones, laughed at old fogies who scorned us, educated young fogies into bearing with us, caddied for us, fought for us and, in the end, conquered for us. If American women play good golf, they owe it as much to the support and encouragement of the men as they do to their own endeavors.

It must be confessed, however, that in England it seems as though there was more real enthusiasm, more enduring improvement in golf than in America. Here, only a few names appear year after year in the Championship entries. The great body of contestants changes its personnel almost wholly in two or three years. A woman finds her game, makes a record on her links, enters for the Championship and probably fails to qualify. She may perhaps try once again, but her first failure has shaken her confidence. She believes she is born a duffer, ceases to practice, loses ambition and in time plays only occasionally. Had she qualified in her first tournament her career would have read quite differently. American women are accustomed to almost immediate success. With it, they can achieve wonders; without it, they grow discouraged and drift into obscurity.

But consistency and determined courage are after all a growth; they are a manifestation of character, and so can



Mrs. Morgan



Miss Hecker



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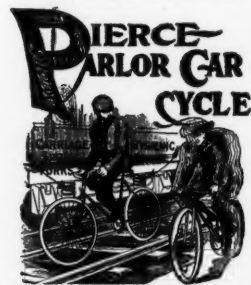


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be acquired. As a nation, Americans possess these qualities to a wonderful degree. They cannot fail in time to manifest themselves in the individual. When American women evolve a little more pertinacity and indulge in a little less faddism, develop more skill in a few things and less adaptability for many things, then their golf will not only be good golf but the very best golf.

The English team matches are the one supreme means of keeping alive the true spirit of the sport. No handicap, no open championship, no prize-to-be-obtained competition of any kind brings out the esprit de corps as do the women's inter-club matches in England and Scotland. Our own, although well organized and theoretically successful, are hardly so in actual fact. It was almost an impossibility, season before last, to get together in any club six good players two consecutive times. Owing to our climate and to our migratory tendencies the personnel of a team changed with kaleidoscopic swiftness. In England, almost the same team has been known to play through a long series of matches, not only for one season, but two or three.

Golf is, after all, finding its proper level. It became a fad. Hordes of men and women took it up because it was the thing of the hour, just as riding, bicycling and tennis had each in turn been the thing of the hour. Now it is settling down among its true lovers, and ridding itself cheerfully of dead wood. The women who live through the pruning process will live on to the end, and the new young shoots will take up golf not for fashion's sake but for love's sake. In so doing the standard is bound to be elevated, and American women golfers become as long drivers, as sure putters and as all-round good sports-women as their English rivals.

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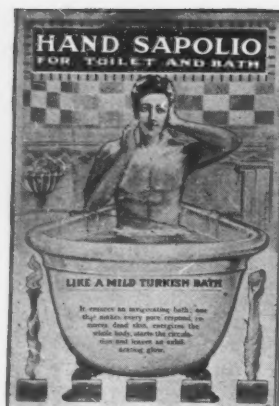
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